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# THE ARGUENOT



NOVEMBER, 1923

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# The Arguenot

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NO. 1

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## EDITORIALS

### Foreword

WITH this issue the "Arguenot" begins its fourth year. In the three years of its existence the magazine has grown from a mere infant of four pages to a full-fledged periodical. This growth and steady improvement have been made possible by the persistent efforts of the editorial staffs of the past. They have left us a hard task to make our achievements equal theirs, and so it is with mingled pride and misgiving that we present this issue to our many friends.

### Something to Think About

We are starting another school year, and the school paper is going to be the biggest and the best of any year previous.

We need support on the literary side. This takes a lot of encouraging, "drawing out" our latent abilities.

But here's another side to the story, the business end of the job. *These* loyal supporters need no coaxing.

The merchants and business men of Norwood, with both large and small capital, have backed us and *are* backing us financially at every turn. Who was it

that made possible the foot ball banquet, the donations, and the athletic sweaters? What about the expenses and support for the trip to Clifton, N. J.?

We do appreciate our army of "Silent Supporters," but *we* can do more. It is up to us to return a square deal and do all our business, as far as possible, in Norwood—our home town.

"H. C. N.," '24.

### The Way to Win

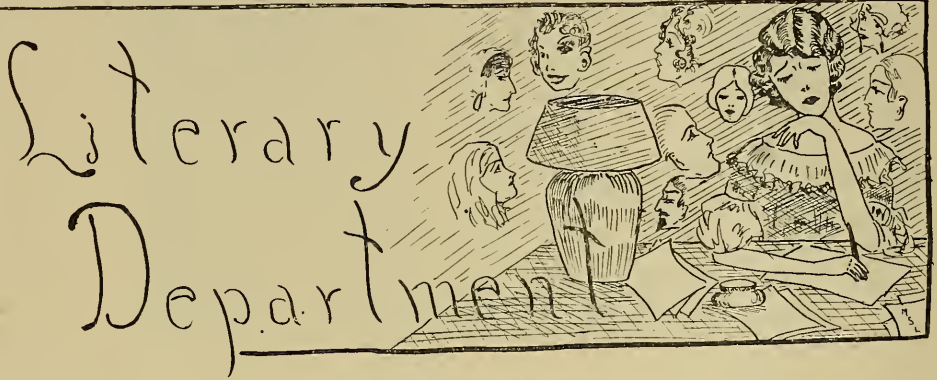
Yes, we the class of '24 are the present Seniors of the Norwood High School. Too, we are a class to be proud of, for among us may be found orators, instructors, musicians, and singers. We are not satisfied with simply reading and brooding over what others have done, but we realize that what they can do we can do as well, if not better.

Friends and classmen, we are going to "put across" our Senior Prom, Senior Play, and Graduation as successfully as did the class of '23. We are going to do this by loyally pulling together. We can do it—and we must! Here lies our future success in our own will.

And after we have passed from this, our dear old school, classmen, you will listen with awe as our teachers proudly and nobly tell of the wonders we have performed. Oh, we as Seniors have heard it, and it sounds good.

Let us keep ever before us that team-work and co-operation are "The Way to Win," and we cannot fail.

NELLIE R. LYNCH, '24.



### The First Term

**T**HIS makes us think of the old adage, "Here shineth another blue day, whither to while it away?" Isn't that something like the idea we all want to "put across"—to *ourselves*?

Here ends another school term. Do we say, "What have I made of the opportunity?" or "Well, I have 'squeaked' by so far!"

Somehow I've always thought (tho I'd make a poor philosopher) of school as a large V. We start at the small end, and as we progress (or rather, *if* we progress) our opportunities grow larger

and larger. We have no longer a vista of life, but a view. So much for a broader education.

We are now in High School, and our training will end here—whether we wish it or not, unless we make a success of our "Job."

If your marks are poor, don't worry, *but* show your report card that you know who's boss! Suppose your report card starts off this term with a "C" or even a "D"—just run the old alphabet off backwards.

"H. C. N.," '24.

### His Last Deed

**A**S the great ship "Marie" neared the promised land and the Statue of Liberty grew larger and more prominent, there arose among the passengers a feeling of awe and happiness. The "Marie" carried its burden of excited French immigrants who were running here and there, crying and laughing with joy.

One little person was not stirred by the

sight of that structure representing liberty. There appeared a far-away look in the dark dreamy eyes of this little French girl as she stood on the deck of the "Marie," a look revealing a certain pathetic sadness and longing.

Little Valere Pierette was suddenly aroused from her thoughts by the kind voice of the ship's mate.



"Bonjour, Valere!"

"Oh, Monsieur," she said turning around, "how you give me the fright!" Then adding dreamily, "From ze own country to ze new. It ces strange, monsieur, very strange."

"Haven't you received an answer from your father yet?" he asked. "And haven't you any idea where you are going?"

"No," she replied, "it's strange, n'est-ce pas, that my papa does not write. Before my mother dies she say, 'Valere, in Amerique you will find your father for I have already send the letter;' but you see, monsieur, he never send the answer and maybe he don't want me, n'est ce pas."

Just then there rang out the gong of the landing ship and the excitement of the passengers grew.

Valere bade the mate good-bye after having refused to take an address of a friend of his, and went quietly to get her little bundle of clothes.

The ship drew nearer and anchored. A cry from the passengers went up, "Amerique," and the people proceeded to leave the boat, pushing and pulling until they were put in order by the officers.

Valere, in contrast to the wide-eyed, eager, hurrying mob, her little bundle slung neatly over her shoulder, walked slowly and dreamily from the ship. Almost sub-consciously she walked into the large building for incoming passengers where mothers, fathers, sisters, and brothers all met in a happy reunion. She left the main room of the building, the waiting room, and entered a little side room, taking a seat in the far end of the room.

Fifteen moments passed, in which time Valere sat waiting, doubtful of her father's appearance. In thought she passed over the fifteen years of contentment and joy,

fifteen years of her happy life in France, living with her mother. Then her mother died suddenly, telling Valere the sad story of her husband's flight to America. It seems that upon Valere's father had fallen a certain suspicion of a deed of which he was innocent. To escape punishment he had fled from France to America promising to bring his wife and only child over when he had earned enough money. For years his letters came steadily to his wife bringing rays of hope and news of his luck in America. He wrote, "I am saving the money to bring you and my baby here but it will take time. Much time." Then his letters stopped coming and nothing could be heard of him. For years Valere's mother struggled to earn a living for her child and herself, always hoping. Then came her sudden death, leaving only enough money for Valere's passage to America.

Valere now sobbed as she remembered those happy days in France and she shuddered at the thought of her obscure future. She was interrupted by a shout and a sudden noise of running people.

"Catch him, hold him!" went out the cries of a dozen people in the rest room and a terrified looking man rushed into the room. With one ghastly glance at Valere he bounded over a table and slunk down behind a desk in the room. His pursuers followed and began a search for the man. One cruel looking officer approached the wide-eyed Valere and spoke in a cold voice. "Here there, you, did you see a man come in here?"

"N-no," she answered nervously, "b-but I-I—!"

"He isn't here," the officer told the others and they all ran out again to look for their escaped captive.

The man came out from his hiding place and approached Valere. He was a dark, short, underfed man, his shabby



clothes barely covering his thin body. He spoke English with a French accent.

"Thank you, little girl. Why did you do zat for me?"

"I do not know, monsieur, but I was frightened and— But maybe you have seen my father whom I wait for."

A pitiful expression overspread the face of this strange man and he stared at the child.

"Etes-vous Valere Pierrette?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes," she answered surprised. Then her face lighting up she asked, "Are you my papa?"

Before he could answer, two officers entered the room and on spying the escaped man, seized him. The man thrust

a scrap of paper into the hand of the little French girl and then walked away. On unfolding the paper she read the French words:

"To Valere Pierrette, my beloved daughter. The story of my plight is a sad one, for I am a murderer and thief. But I hope to go to my death relieved of my one duty to my wife and daughter. Go to 79 Bland St., N. Y. and you shall be taken care of. Adieu and forgive— Your devoted parent,

Jean Pierrette.

The little girl was happy, for her father had done his best for her, and she smiled in spite of the tears in her eyes.

BELLA FIREMAN, '24.

### Too Late

**D**AINTILY wielding a fluffy puff over the tip of her snub nose. Zizi Powers looked out of the bay window. Soon a boy came in sight. He waved, then,—

"Good morning," called Allister Bruce.

"Hello!" she cried, jumping up. "Come right in."

A gaunt, big boy, dressed in "up-to-the-minute" sport clothes, with a golf bag over his shoulder, sauntered in.

"Oh, Allie," pouted Zizi, "you know I'd promised Bob."

"Oh, come now, Zizi, you know that I can't play with you every day."

"Yes, but what will Bob say?"

There was a moment's pause and then Zizi said, "All right, I'll go. I suppose I'd rather, anyway."

The two walked out to the car, put their golf bags in the rack, and started off, Zizi driving.

"Guess, Bob'll be surprised when he finds only Jinx there."

"Yes, but he doesn't seem to mind her much. Do you think so?"

"No, I don't," responded Bruce, anxious to please.

Jinx, Zizi's sister, sat on the piazza, reading a novel. A French Grammar was at her side, so that, at a warning footstep, it would be ready for use. Suddenly a flivver swung up the drive.

"Hello!" shouted Bob, "where's Zizi?"

"Out with Allie, I guess," whispered Jinx.

"But she'd promised—"

"Yes, but what of it? She wanted to go with Allister so she went!"

"So I see," Bob scowled. This was the third time he'd discovered Zizi to be with Allister Bruce when she had him for company, and he didn't like it.

"Well, I've got the flivver, so won't you come out with me?"

"Sure, I'd love to." So Jinx and Bob rode off together.

"You know, Jinx, I am through my training now and I may be called across any time."

"But won't you be here for some time?"

"Perhaps."

Bob took Jinx home, then went to his own home where his mother met him.

"Bob," she said, "you're to go"—

"All right, mother."

Next day Bob left, and Zizi was left free to play with Allie, without the knowledge of a broken promise.

Then the war was over. Bob came home, tanned and strong; he had fought a good fight and been rewarded with a medal. As Allie had evaded drafts, he could boast of no medal, tell no tales of

harrowing experiences. So Zizi was much flustered at Bob's home coming.

As she sat on the porch, her heart beat rapidly. A flivver swung up the drive. As Bob, the bronzed soldier, walked toward the house, she rose. But as if stunned she saw Jinx start from the shadows, and heard Bob say: "Well, Jinx, we've waited for it, and now we'll take that ride."

MARY WOLFE, '25.

### On Visiting an Art Museum

WHEN I was quite small my mother promised to take me to the Art Museum in Boston. At that time I hadn't the faintest idea of what a museum could be, but the word suggested "amusement" to me, and, knowing vaguely that one saw pictures there, I anticipated some such entertainment as a moving picture show.

I did not allow my mother to forget her promise, and before long an opportunity for the visit presented itself. In the lightest of spirits I walked with Mother for what seemed miles out from the city of Boston. Finally, we came within sight of the building which had often been pointed out to me as a place of interest. I felt strangely awed as we approached the palatial entrance, and I fancied that I was about to discover some weird mystery which lay behind the huge doors.

At the very first I met an unusual disappointment, for Mother walked straight through the vestibule of the museum, without buying or displaying a single ticket of any sort. I considered this a bad sign, partly because I knew one invariably purchased tickets before entering a theatre, and partly because there was something about a printed ticket that always thrilled me. I had hoped

to make a valuable addition to my unique collection at home of old cards, tickets and printed programs.

However, we swept on with the greatest expectancy. We entered a large room that was filled with looming white statues, and Mother led me up to admire a huge figure of a woman without head or arms. I gave it one glance of amazement and then my eyes were attracted to other parts of the room. Mother began a dissertation on sculpture in words of one syllable, but I didn't hear, for I had suddenly realized that the museum was not what I had expected it to be. "A museum," I was meditating crudely, "must be a place where you go to amuse yourself, and not to be amused."

But the solid hour that followed was not enjoyable for me. After the novelty of wandering about when I pleased had worn away, I became decidedly bored and refused to enthuse over anything. I followed Mother about quite impatiently, and rejoiced when we left the building.

I have never visited a museum since then without remembering my first disappointing experience. Long ago I made the discovery why the many objects which were being preserved with the

greatest of care held no interest for me. One must look at a thing with something more than curiosity in order to appreciate it. He must know something about it, and understand why its creator considered it worth while. I am sure that on that first visit I gazed much longer at a picture that I had seen before and learned to know, than at one entirely new to me. Strangely enough, the only picture which I remember being interested in at that

time was one which I saw every day in my own home. It was "The Blue Boy" by Gainsborough. Mother had often told me why Gainsborough painted that picture, and I think now that I enjoyed seeing it in a strange place because it was an old friend. I hope that in the future I shall always find an art museum a source of pure enjoyment, and that I shall meet many "old friends" there.

HARRIET GAY, '24.

### "Spud"

HE was just plain "Spud" to the people of the small town of Lubec, Maine. Nobody knew just where "Spud" had come from. He just appeared in Lubec during the fall of nineteen twenty-one. He had hired out to different vessels fishing off the "Banks." He was a first-class "A-B" and had won much praise from the "Old Salts" on his ability to use his head in a crisis.

A lovely June morning in Lubec harbor. Out beyond the Lubec Light, lay the broad Atlantic. As "Spud" sat looking at the view, he witnessed a strange feeling of awe for that seemingly endless expanse of water. He remembered an article that he had once read in a newspaper; the printed words appeared clearly before his mind's eye: "It is only in the tumult of the elements that man realizes his puny strength." As he sat thus musing he became aware of the presence of a man. He turned to see a young man dressed in spotless white duck trousers, with coat to match. On his coat sleeve was some gold braid. "Some officer from that yacht out in the harbor," he said to himself.

"Is there anything that I can do for you, sir?" asked "Spud" with a smile.

"Why yes there is," answered the man, falling in at once with "Spud's" cheerful

mood. "You see I am bos'n of that yacht you see out there in the harbor." He carefully pointed out, with a stubby forefinger, in which direction the craft lay.

"Well, to make things brief," said the bos'n, "our radio operator skipped and left us in the lurch, and we have simply got to get out of here to-night. The man that owns the craft has his wife and a few select friends on board. He has to get back to New York inside the next three days," added the officer by way of explanation. "As you probably know, the government requires that an operator be on board before we can sail."

"Spud" considered what the man had said. Here is a chance to get to the "big city," he thought.

"The people up in the town said that I might find you down here, and that you know something about radio," continued the officer.

"Yes, I was an operator once down in Cuba," answered "Spud."

"Well, by gosh, you're just the boy I am looking for. Do you want to take the job?"

"Do I? Well I'll say I do."

The smart little motor boat, all aglitter with shining brass work, went swiftly from the dock to the trim yacht



out in the harbor. The captain met the boat at the landing with an anxious look, but when he saw "Spud" sitting aft in the craft, his visage cleared. The bos'n explained the situation to the captain. "Spud" was shown to the radio room which was on the starboard side of the vessel up forward.

"Stay here until I go into the store room and see if I can find a suit to fit you," ordered the bos'n.

While the bos'n was in the storeroom "Spud" had time to look about his new quarters. The room was nicely furnished. Easy chairs were placed in convenient places. "Some palace I'll tell the world," exclaimed "Spud." "Nothing like the two by fours on most steamers. Gosh, I sure did strike luck this time." A large radio panel was the thing that held "Spud's" attention. A large fire K. W. spark set was behind the panel. The front of the panel was covered with switches. "Spud" pushed one, and a light but serviceable rotary spark gap started in motion with a hum.

"I bet that gap will stand some juice," thought "Spud." On the table was a "hundred and six" tuner, the standard tuner of ships. "Spud" looked at it with admiring glances.

Further inspection was halted by the entrance of the bos'n with his suit. Half an hour later, "Spud" stepped out on the deck in answer to the dinner bell. "Spud" was introduced to the crew. He never saw any of the passengers except at a distance.

That afternoon the yacht weighed anchor and left the harbor. The same night "Spud" went on duty from twelve until the next morning. Nothing unusual happened that night. The next night just before his watch, a thick fog set in from the weather bow. He judged

the vessel to be about off Martha's Vineyard. It was ten minutes before twelve as "Spud" adjusted his receivers to fit his head more easily. He copied a few calls of other coastwise ships and entered them in the radio log book.

"Spud" looked at his watch—twenty minutes past twelve.

Crash! tear! rip! "Spud" was thrown against the wall with a resounding crash. He regained his senses about five minutes later. Men were scurrying about the decks. Hurriedly he picked himself up and rushed to the door opening on the deck. He saw the captain standing beside the large searchlight giving orders to different men.

"Get below, you lubber, and see how much damage is done. Don't stand looking. Move!" fairly shouted the irate captain. "The ding busted fool was running without a light, fore or aft; didn't even stop to see if he had done any damage," bellowed the captain to the questioning yacht owner, who stood partly dressed on the deck.

"Spud" hurried to his post to await orders. He was not kept waiting long—the speaking-tube bell rang. "Yes sir?" answered "Spud."

"Get in touch with some vessel near by and tell her we have a rip on our starboard bow below the water line, and we can only stay afloat two hours at the most. Get all that?"

"Yes sir."

"Let me know when you get a reply."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The SOS went crashing into the night air as "Spud" opened up with full power. He was soon in touch with a United Fruit Company's steamer about five miles distant.

"Coming all speed ahead," answered the vessel in reply to the SOS.

This information was joyfully received by the anxious captain on the bridge.

The steamer soon arrived. The rent in the side of the vessel was not as bad as it had appeared at first. It was repaired sufficiently to allow the yacht to be towed safely to port. When the yacht arrived

"Spud" was given his pay, which seemed a large amount to him.

"Spud" was now in New York City! His dreams were coming true! More than that, "Spud" was given a permanent position as radio operator on the yacht. CHESTER BAILEY, '25.

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### The Gnome

A while ago, in the Spring of the year,  
I found a gnome in a donkey's ear.

I looked at him; then I said, said I,  
"Tell me the funniest thing, or try."

"The funniest thing in the world?" said  
he;  
"The funniest thing there is, tee hee!"

He pulled his little knees up to his chin  
And looked at me with a wicked grin.

"You think it's a monkey or lunatic,  
Or an error or maybe some foolish trick.

"You think you're a serious great to-do;  
So the funniest thing in the world is you."

I took the rebuke in the Spring of the year  
From the gnome I found in a donkey's  
ear.

KATHERINE FOSS, '24.

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### The Prodigal Sons

JOHN DALTON was a twelve o'clock fellow in a nine o'clock town. At least, he thought he was. "This town is too small and dead for us," he said to his friend Bill Henry one day. "Well, let's blow," said Bill. "Where to?" asked the other wayward youth. "Wherever we can 'bum' our way," was the answer. "I'll meet you to-morrow morning at school time," suggested John. "All right, so long," sang out the other as he started home to ponder over this resolve to see life in a real city.

The next morning the two youths met in front of the bowling alleys at eight o'clock. After putting all their available funds together, they found that they had exactly seventy-five cents. Of course this was no huge fortune but then again

it was quite a good deal. (So thought these young disciples of Robin Hood.)

At quarter past eight they started, hoping to get a ride very soon. In this they were sadly disappointed. In a very short time they were giving their opinion of automobile owners in good, plain English, all of which did them no good whatever, only that it took a load off their minds. At last they got a ride in a truck which took them to the next town, about twelve miles away. Taking the truck-driver into their confidence, they told him their story. The truck-driver, knowing boys and their ways, told them that he would be returning to their home town about five p. m. the following day and if they were going back that they could meet him at the freight yards.



They told him that they were sorry but they were not going back. The truck-driver laughed and said, "Well, if you change your minds, I'll meet you anyway."

It being about twelve o'clock, the boys felt a gnawing sensation in the region of their stomachs. After a consultation, they decided that they would eat. They entered the nearest lunch room and in about half an hour they came out seventy-five cents poorer.

They decided to hail a ride to the next town, which was easier said than done, and about ten o'clock found them reclined in a cornfield for the night. It being a

particularly cold October night, they did not fare very well and woke up in the morning rather stiff. They lived the rest of the day on apples and at about five o'clock decided that they would meet the truck driver after all.

If they thought their parents would kill the fatted calf when they arrived home, they were much disappointed. They both received a severe scolding from their respective fathers. The next day in school they were a couple of repentent youths and for a while at least their craving for adventure was satisfied.

FRANCIS FOLEY, '24.

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### Revolt, April 16, 1921

"A new peasant revolt is sweeping Russia, according to advices received in Berlin. Seventy-two peasants are sentenced to death and two hundred to terms of imprisonment for participating in an uprising, say advices received in Stockholm from Russia."

The young man scanned the paper eagerly for more news of the Russian revolt but foreign news in those days was scarce. He was a dark young man, unmistakably from the Old World. He was sitting in front of an open fireplace, resting on a large comfortable davenport. He seemed rather out of place in the magnificently furnished room of a large house on Fifth Avenue in New York. He appeared to be thinking deeply and he did not notice the entrance of a young girl into the room. She stole quietly up behind him and glancing over his shoulder read the above notice in the paper. She finished with a short exclamation.

"Oh Alfredo, what of Mimo and Mirko? They will surely be hurt or even killed. Please go back to them, Alfredo, and bring them safely here."

Still Alfredo did not answer, for he, too, was thinking that something ought to be done. The girl, Rose, walked back and forth and finally flung herself beside her brother on the davenport. At last Alfredo broke the silence with a deep voice.

"Rose, are we lucky that we are comfortable here in America or are we unlucky because we are separated from our younger brothers? Oh, Rose, I'm going back. Just because *we* were the ones to be chosen to have a chance to earn our living over here in America, it doesn't mean that we're any better than our brothers, Mimo and Mirko. Oh, I've got to go back. I'm going back."

He had jumped up at his first words and when he finished he looked pleadingly at his sister. Rose had not seemed to pay a particle of attention to what Alfredo had been saying, but when he finished she stood up.

"Alfredo, it is your duty. Our dead parents would wish it. Go. Do not heed me, I will be safe here with my friends. Go, with all speed."

At that Alfredo said, "Do you mean it, Rose?"

"Of course I do," said the latter impatiently. "Hurry, go on the next boat. Hurry, oh please, for the sake of Mimo and Mirko." She gave him a slight push as she spoke and he was out, down the street in less than five minutes.

"Next boat to Liverpool, please, state-room and all accommodations." The rather excited voice of the speaker roused the clerk from his semi-drowsy state.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"Next boat to Liverpool, please, state-room and all accommodations." This time each word was clearly emphasized by Alfredo.

"Well," the night clerk drawled, "the next one doesn't go until Friday and everything is about taken. Only one first-class section left, about ten second-class and I don't know as you'd be interested in the third class. Anyway, you don't look as though you would."

"I'll take the first-class section. How much is it?"

Rushing home he found Rose in the same position in which he had left her. She sprang up when she saw him and her eyes asked the question, "Well, what success?"

"I leave Friday; to-day is Monday, only four more days and then—and then

I am on my way to Russia; to Mimo and Mirko."

The next few days Rose and Alfredo were busy preparing for Alfredo's journey. It was to be a lonesome time for Rose but she did not say anything to her brother because in a few weeks she would have her other two brothers there with her. This thought would make her happy again.

It was the night before the sailing for Liverpool. Alfredo and Rose were at dinner when a messenger boy ran up the steps with such haste that Rose, who had seen him, rushed to the door.

"Cablegram for Alfredo Zayas," he said as Rose opened the door.

"I'll take it, he's my brother," and quickly signing her name in the book, she ran back to her brother, calling his name loudly. "Alfredo, Alfredo, I'm sure it's important. Hurry, open it." She gave it to him quickly.

Alfredo tore it open and scanned it eagerly. To Rose it seemed as though he would never give it to her, because he read it once and again, and then a third time. At last he realized that Rose was waiting to see what was written on the slip of paper. He gave it to her, and his sister quickly read:

"Mimo and Mirko Zayas safe, warned by secret spy. Sailing for America on 'Savannah,' Reach N. Y. April 30. Meet at pier."

Signed: American Consul in Russia,

April 20, 1921.

A. M. PRATT, '25.

## Responsibility

CAN your friends rely upon you? Do you habitually undertake tasks wholeheartedly, and devote yourself to them, feeling that success will be yours and knowing that others are depending

upon you? That is responsibility, the great force which keeps things going in this busy world.

Of course it is quite possible to get along without responsibility. Thousands

of people do; they are the poor individuals who put the least into, and get the least out of, their careers. They sail serenely over the surface of life, leaving behind them a blank and rippleless wake. Here and there they go, arriving nowhere, but ever seeking a certain breeze called Inspiration to blow them into port. But Inspiration herself is unreliable and never blows anything definite toward becalmed seamen. She comes in squally puffs that quite overwhelm the delighted barque, Career, until it finds its course, and then she dies an uncertain death, and lurks along the shore until she chooses to play another trick.

Now fancy a second ship on that same sea of life, one that puts forth with a purpose and arrives in due time at the very harbor which it seeks. It is the

good ship Responsibility. On she sails before a number of dependable winds, Perseverance, Determination, Faith, Hope, and Self-assurance. She sounds the very depths of that sea for her inspirations and, guided by them, she lays her course, straight and swift, for the bright horizon. Not only does she deliver her precious cargo at the port of her destination, but all along the way she sends out long waves to thunder out upon every distant shore a message of cheer and encouragement.

In which ship have you chosen to ride? It is very easy to leave for somebody else the unpleasant tasks which fall in your path, but how monotonous and meaningless such an idle life may become! Hint: shoulder a little responsibility.

HARRIET GAY, '24.

### Pal O' Mine

**J**OHN and me was down an' out! Yes sir, the gutter was a mighty good place for the both of us.

Well, that day, just to celebrate, we went into a dog-cart and grabbed a bite to eat. To cap this extravagance, we bought a regular red-letter journal (not such a Bible!). Say, they're as good as a roller coaster at Revere—for the eyes!

"Straw Hats Off." "Murder Victim's Body Found." "Printers Strike." "While Iron Is Hot, Burns House." "Suicide." "New Comic Song." "Death Takes Its Toll!"

Well, down in the corner John spotted a news item, which proclaimed as follows: "Number of Holdups Increase." "Young Women Often Gang Leaders."

After digesting this hunk of news, an' our dinner, John says, "It's a crime to be broke, ain't it? Let's go and join one of these burglar gangs, an' show 'em we're good for somethin' anyhow."

Well, there's no use elucidatin' further. But any way, we landed a job in "Smith's Shady Six" Gang. Pretty fast workers, they were. We had a meetin' that night. (Good season, don't you know?) Well, it ended with a dandy frame-up on John S. Bronson (who never made a capital S without a couple of lines thru it—\$).

"Say," says I, "who's the leader of this gang?"

"Oh," says 'Lamp Eye,' "the boss is younger'en you by a couple of years—only 17, and some kid—why—I didn't hear the rest as it was my move.

Creepin' along these hedges o' millionaire joints always makes me nervous. You see when John D. Rock. showed me thru his back yard, my memory was poor.

Well, the glass on the window was nice and thin. We made less noise than no burglars (as we had "canned" the watchman's snore).

Once inside, I heard John whisper,



sort o' toddlin'-like, "you go there an' we'll meet you later." A nod, and I was off for the dining room. (Not that I was hungry, but you get me!) Well, my ten magnets got busy. I'll tell—Lights all on!

"Say," squeaks I, "I don't need—Holy Cats!" An' there was a row of 'em, all showing me what fine bargains they'd got at the gun store!

"Here's 10 years for me" (thinks I).

Well, there was only one getaway, an' that didn't look permanent. I made a run for a closet in the corner room and slammed the door.

They didn't fire, of course. But I didn't know as how I was to get out. What *did* I see? Gosh! the most wonderful kid girl in the world, a' standing there in the corner of the door. Looks!—I was helpless.

An' what do you know, she smiled at

me so sweet—at little me, and jest naturally picks up a good-sized chair and threw at the window. Well, it crashes down in back the house on the cement, quite a ways below.

Snap! she unlocks the door, and then grabs me till we're both behind the door—me an' *her*.

All of 'em rushes to other side of the room and cranes their heads out of the little window. (Hoping to see me busted below.)

Well of course, as common sense says, we walks out of the door respectful-like. And the gang is glad to have us join in their midst.

Oh, well, that's all. I got a good job then—straight. But even if this ain't a love story, I've got to say,—I'll never forget that "Pal O' Mine."

Why? Cause she's my wife!"

LINDSAY CLEVELAND, '24.

## A Smashed Triangle

THERE was a clatter on the stairs and a voice called, "Eight o'clock and all's wrong! Get up, Margie, and help me find things. Father left a note that he had a patient quite a way out and he took mother with him for the ride. Wiggle round a little. I'm hungry."

"Don't start anything till I get down. You might burn the house up or something," the answer came sleepily.

A half an hour later Marjorie appeared downstairs. She had parted her short dark hair in the middle and let it hang straight, but it was becoming with her dull orange dress as she rather well knew.

She found Billie impatiently eating a banana on the back steps.

"Oh, you girls!" he chanted. "Oh, you girls! It takes you forever and then some to get dressed. Here I get up

early and have to wait four or five hours to get any breakfast."

"Don't scold, Billy dear, when your sister's been away to college and you haven't seen her for three whole weeks."

"All right. I guess they slipped out on bananas so there's nothing cooked around here."

"They what?"

"They went out of the house having eaten only bananas. Is that clear?"

"Oh, I thought you meant they slipped on the peels."

"Yes, you did. Do you know what made that streak of milk on the table? I couldn't find the thing you open milk bottles with so I tried to press it out with my thumb."

"Some of the result is still on the front of you, too," remarked Marjorie. "Come along and eat now."

"Say, you don't really mean breakfast is ready, do you? I can't believe it."

"Well, don't try then. Where is the note they left?"

"Here."

"Oh, they're sorry they left me to get breakfast but father insisted that mother have an outing. That's all right, she needs it. But they won't be back till late this afternoon. What will happen to the poor office hours? Someone will have to answer the telephone. I'll stay here this morning, Billie, but you'll be around this afternoon, won't you now?"

"Oh, well, if you insist. Good-bye then. I must take advantage of the time when duty doesn't call."

"Good-bye, sweetness," she called, as he dodged her kiss.

Marjorie started doing the necessary house-work partly because of the possibility of visitors and partly because it made her conscience feel better to have it done.

She had begun on the dishes when a cheery whistle sounded under the window. It was Harry Allen, she knew. He always managed a week-end when she did and he monopolized her Saturday mornings for tennis.

"Hello, what's up? You don't mean to say you're working?"

"I often work, very often, and I have to work here all this morning so it won't do much good to ask me to play tennis."

"Oh, bother the work! Can't you leave the house for just an hour or so?"

"No, on account of the telephone, so don't bother me any more."

"Well, I can wipe dishes. Come on, get 'em out. Where's that little brother of yours? Can't he answer telephones?"

"No, he's out exercising his pitcher arm and besides he's going to answer it this afternoon."

"Well, that leaves you free then,

doesn't it? Tennis this afternoon and I've tickets for a show to-night. We'll have a grand old time, eh, pardner? Oof! here's Jimmy Winthrop coming to the front door. Shall I let the big goof in?"

"He's not a goof. He has a dandy little Stutz racer and I'll let him in myself."

Jimmy came in and sat idly watching the dish-washing process.

"Oh, I say, Miss Emery, there's a party of tourists taking the long shore drive this afternoon. We'll stop off some place and take in a show. Of course there's a dinner included too. May I take you along?"

"Oh-h-h! I just love a long ride, but Harry wants me to play tennis."

"Do just what you like best, Marj. of course," said Harry.

"Would you mind very much if I should go with him? You know I've played tennis a good many times with you," said Marjorie.

"Oh, no, not at all," he answered. "Well, now these dishes are done, I guess I'll be going. Au revoir."

He strode out the door without looking back. Marjorie looked after him a little ruefully, but without changing her mind.

Then he called back. "Oh, Marj, there's someone coming to the front door to see your father I guess. She's got a kid that looks mighty sick. What do do about 'em?"

"It depends on how sick he is," answered Marjorie. "Stay, won't you, Harry. You might help."

Marjorie went to the door and found an almost hysterical woman with a two-year-old boy in her arms.

"Oh, oh! I gave him iodine and I must see the doctor right away. He isn't in? Oh, dear, what shall I do? What shall I do?"



Harry ran up excitedly.

"Don't let her go, Mary, that stuff is dangerous. It'll burn the stomach right out of him. Lard or cream will turn it off. I know enough about it to know that."

They took the child out of the frantic mother's arms and carried him to the kitchen.

"See if you can't calm the woman down a little Jimmy, while we work," begged Marjorie.

Jimmy looked around dazedly. "Er—er—I guess I'd better go now. I'll call around this afternoon." Then he sneaked out the door.

"Cowardly lout!" stormed Harry.

They worked together remarkably well after Marjorie brought the necessary things. They finally got the stuff out of him and altho he was still a pretty sick boy, his life was saved.

Just then a car drove up the drive

and Dr. and Mrs. Emery came in. The doctor took in the situation at a glance and acknowledged it a job well done. Mrs. Emery took the nervous Marjorie in her arms and Dr. Emery shook hands heartily with Harry.

"You can well be proud of that, Harry," he said.

Later the doctor took the baby and his mother home.

Mrs. Emery told Marjorie that they had not found as much work to do as they expected and so they had had a chance to come home earlier.

"Well," said Marjorie briskly, "I'm just going to call up that Jimmy Winthrop and tell him to hunt up another girl to sit beside him this afternoon."

"Hooray!" yelled Harry. "I'm sorry for the kid but thank the Lord for that iodine."

KATHERINE FOSS, '24.

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### The Stowaway

THE night was cold and bleak. Sleet and spray were dashing against the wharf and the white-capped waves came rolling in with monotonous regularity. To one side of the long wharf a large ocean-going steamer was moored. It was about two o'clock in the morning. Despite the lateness of the hour, the crew of the vessel were moving about getting everything ready for the long voyage to the United States.

Behind the corner of a large building on the wharf, a dark figure crouched in the shadows. At last the whistle shrieked and the bell clanged, showing that the vessel was ready to start. The form of a man with his collar high up around his neck and a soft felt hat on his head, was seen to advance to the edge of the pier and jump for the side of the vessel—but

he missed it. Fortunately he caught hold of the hawser and worked his way, hand over hand, to the side of the vessel and disappeared through a porthole. The hold into which he had climbed was full of baggage, trunks, bags and boxes of every description. He found a small space between two large trunks and lay down to see if he could sleep for a while. As he lay down he muttered, "Well done, John Grey."

In a few minutes the vessel was all of a tremor as its propellers started to churn the water. In another half hour the boat was well into the English Channel.

Many hours later, the man in the hold awoke and was very sore and stiff from having been in a cramped position for so long. He wished he might look out, but the porthole was too high, even when he

stood on a large trunk. He moved about stretching as he did so, and after a while he felt much better. He remained in the hold three days and on the morning of the fourth was obliged to go out of the room into the ship for food; he was soon discovered by the chief engineer, who immediately took him to the captain of the vessel.

"Sir," he said, "I found this man in the engine room and I think he's a stowaway."

The captain dismissed the engineer and, turning his attention to Grey, he asked, "Man, how came you aboard this vessel?" In answer to this, Grey told his whole story to the captain.

When he finished, the captain asked him where he was born and he replied, "In Edmanton, New York, U. S. A." This reply seemed to surprise the captain.

He then asked the stowaway his name. The answer was "John Grey, Sir." The captain sank back in his chair in amazement. He seemed absorbed in thought for a moment or two and then asked, "Had you any brothers, my man?" John Grey answered, "Yes, I had one and his name was Charles: I have not seen him for eighteen years." The captain's face lighted with joy. He recognized this John Grey as his brother and grasped his hand and shook it hard. They both were so overjoyed that they laughed and cried in turn. The rest of the story you can imagine for yourself. It is enough to say that John Grey has not missed a trip on the transatlantic liner "Northland" for the past seven years.

JAMES BUNNEY, '25.

### A He-Man

**I**F I had not decided to spend my summer at Bay Springs I probably would not have met him, but Dame Fortune will play her tricks and I was the fortunate victim.

It was four days after my arrival at the "Springs" that I first visited the hotel smoking parlor. After lighting my choice "Havana" I selected a most comfortable seat of green plush, and then I saw him.

He was one of those good-looking, big, bluff sort of men popular with everyone. You know the type. Yet because of his sluggish ways most people believed that he was a plodder and not a leader among men. I lay back and let my eyes penetrate thru thin blue clouds of smoke and proceeded to study him.

He seemed to me to be a man possessing only the brute sensibilities which are generally coupled with ability to arouse the only passion he displayed—anguish. I could not allow myself to acknowledge

that he had the usual amount of human intelligence and I feared to think of what he would do in case anyone or anything should happen to trespass upon his present state of contentment.

Suddenly without warning a terrible tremor shook the hotel. It was an earthquake! Plaster, brick, and beams fell in one shower. Destruction predominated everywhere. I escaped in the tumult of confusion and stood outside the danger zone paralyzed, my heart pounding with apprehension over the outcome.

Only a stern, commanding voice brought me to my senses. There stood the man of the smoking room. Bleeding from wounds, which he did not seem to notice, he was giving orders to the dumb, stricken men. He was a generator of spirit and everyone placed confidence in him. He saved many from a death-bed of red-hot flame having the dangers of a blazing furnace.

Just two months after this tragic happening, this noble gentleman died, his health snatched away in one supreme effort to save his fellowmen from harm.

And yet I called myself a man. He was a man, a real true he-man.

FRANCIS DOWER, '24.

## Sir Kenneth De Boverly

### PAPER NO. V

**A**FTER a long summer's vacation I seem to feel the urge to write again.

I have always taken these long vacations. In June there is hardly a thought in my mind except that of my summer equivalent to a bear's hibernation. Perhaps sunburnation would be the right word for it. Not that I greatly mind the heat, but my father, grandfather and whole line of ancestry before me have always taken a summer outing.

My dear friend Sir Kenneth de Boverly is now in his height of glory. Autumn is his element.

To our twice-a-weekly club meetings he comes cantering down the paved streets of the city on his beautiful new chestnut horse. He does not attract the attention one would expect, however, because people seem to take him for one of the mounted police.

He hitches the mare in an alley and hastens upstairs to the clubroom. He pushes up all the windows with certain well-known phrases about fresh air and we simultaneously reach for our coats.

A week after school began, Sir Kenneth accompanied Sir Blondy Bangs, our youngest member, to his school to see that most interesting building, and talk with its principal.

Sir Bangs told me afterwards that Sir Kenneth actually grew quite pensive while walking down a street shaded with brightly colored maples. Sir Kenneth explained that autumn leaves always reminded him of his lost love, Gertie Gay.

As I was saying, Sir Kenneth accompanied his friend to the school building and was much impressed with its facilities for getting lost. After walking through corridors for an unreasonable length of time and recognizing the same place three times, he found the principal's office and had a pleasant talk with him with but a short three-quarters of an hour of waiting. He walked into the outer office and coughed four times, scraped his feet on the floor and was presented with a smile from a lady at a table. After proclaiming his mission, a seat was offered and the lady at the table resumed her work. Sir Kenneth wondered if he had been announced to the principal by mental telepathy.

When the principal came out of his sanctuary and seemed to be about to leave the second office, Sir Kenneth touched him on the arm, thus bringing about the interview.

In the course of the conversation Sir Kenneth inquired the reason for the issuing of report cards every two months. The principal answered that that was the customary proceeding. It was Sir Kenneth's opinion that once a week with a grand summing up twice a year would keep students' minds on their marks more.

The radical Sir Boverly also thought that a meeting of the whole school early Monday mornings would be a good way to start the week.

Another piece of information that was given Sir Kenneth was that it was the custom to give Saturday as a holiday.



He told me afterwards that he couldn't help thinking how the youngsters would jump at giving up part of their Saturday holiday for one in the middle of the week.

Sir Kenneth was always kind-hearted. He says he can't help it. It is in his make-up.

MADISON AND SPEELE.

### The Worm Turns

TWO months ago I was, I daresay, as contented a man as any in the suburbs of Boston. I had a wife and four children, normally healthy and seemingly happy. I invariably allowed my wife to have her own way in everything as it was more peaceful thus and far less injurious to myself. In fact I considered myself the embodiment of a dutiful father and an obedient husband—in a word, a truly meek and gentle man.

Thus when my wife, a magnificent and marvelously strong-willed woman, decided that she needed a two weeks' vacation at the seashore, there was nothing for me to do but accede to her wishes.

Accordingly, the following week she left me at the station with numerous directions and a muddled mind to cope with four children and the household work.

Hitherto, my wife being a remarkably capable person, I had never been called on for such service; consequently, I was a trifle terror-stricken at the magnitude of my new tasks. But "necessity is the mother of invention" and I discovered in myself a hitherto unsuspected genius which amazed and frightened me, for, finding that dish-washing was irksome, I hitched to the electric light socket a little appliance, consisting of two mechanical hands by one of which the dishes were to be washed and by the other, were to be dried. Thus without the slightest exertion on my part, this unpleasant part of the day's labors was completed.

During the ensuing week of my do-

mestic career, I contrived an electric bed-maker, an electric floor-washer, an electric railway to bring the dishes to and from the table, and an electric weeder for the garden. I also invented for the use of the children an electric face and ear washer and an electric comb and brush.

But alas! immediately upon my wife's return, she demanded the meaning of these strange contraptions in her kitchen. Being hard pressed for an explanation of my surprising genius, I was forced to give a demonstration. Immediately my wife became enthused over my appliance and being so lost in wonder at this miracle (it being the first time in our married life that she had enthused over anything I did), I continued to demonstrate my inventions mechanically and did not recover from my daze of wonder until I heard her say, "Well I have sold your inventions to Mr. Pink, the head of the Electrical Appliance Co., for half a million dollars."

Half a million dollars! Never in my wildest mood had I imagined myself the possessor of such a huge sum of money. Now at last I could retire to my small farm in the mountains; no more worries, no more vexations, no more anxiety, just perfect peace and quiet from now on.

But alas, for my expectations! The moment I opened my newspaper next morning, great glaring red letters leaped forth at me:

"The Savior of the Overworked Woman!"

"John Smith Becomes Household God!"

"Great Inventor, Professor Smith

Takes Pity on the Overworked Woman!" And so on, and so on, and so forth. I was filled with mortification, covered with shame, to have my name, the hoodooed name of John Smith, emblazoned on a front page like that! I felt the need of silence, an overwhelming desire for solitude. I would go to my work, bury myself in my private office and ponder on a way out of this awful situation. But my footsteps were dogged by reporters. I no sooner came to the doorstep than a dozen fell upon me, asking all sorts of questions, "Could I have an interview, Sir?"

"Just a short one for the 'Post,' Sir?"

"I'm from the 'Star,' couldn't you possibly?"

All these I answered with unfailing patience for I was a meek and gentle man. At last I forced my way to my car; they followed in taxis shouting questions as to what I had for breakfast, what size hat I wore; if I liked colonial architecture; what did I think of the coal situation; did I believe in the League of Nations; etc., etc., etc.

When I reached my office, a dozen more fell upon me until I thought they were practising football and I was the dummy. Out of this encounter I emerged with a

crushed silk hat, a suit rent in a thousand places and a black eye. All of which I bore with an equanimity but slightly disturbed.

But at last feeling a trifle weary and fatigued I dashed into the subway. A thousand times I thought I had eluded then only to find them suddenly once more on my trail. They followed me as a dog follows a frankfurt. But finally after a long and exhaustive flight I bravely left the subway and fled into a dark and loathsome alley. I arrived at a small, tumbled down shack, so dilapidated in appearance that I felt they would never think of looking for me there. I heaved a vast sigh of relief. At last secure! I was just about to relax my overstrained nerves, feeling once more justified as a meek and gentle man, when I turned to hear a polite voice say, "Please, Sir, could you spare a few moments for an interview?" And then I lost patience. With a roar like that of an angry bull, I leaped upon him, seized him by the collar, tore him limb from limb and threw him in the wastebasket.

As I reiterate, two months ago I was a meek and gentle man.

GRACE POTTER, '25.

### The Frugal New Englander

YOU have certainly heard a boy say—"Oh, Gee, but I wish I had made the team!" And you naturally deduce that he wanted to join the team to have an opportunity to show and to work off his school spirit.

But have you ever heard a boy say—"Oh, Gee, I wish we had had more homework tonight!" When you hear a boy say that, you may be sure that some radical changes are taking place in the school system.

And don't you think it is about time some radical changes *were* taking place? Schools are judged more severely by their scholarship standard than by their athletics. Why not show *your* school spirit in your studies rather than by taking the ball under your arm and running thirty yards down the field? Girls as well—you can exhibit your school spirit in your English exams or Physics as well as you can in the cheering section.

Not that I, by any means, wish to en-



courage *not* going to football games or trying out for the team. But Norwood High is said to have a great deal of school spirit—too much school spirit, some authorities say. So, by acting as true New Englanders and as “reg’ler fellers,” we

can economize, and instead of working off that superfluous amount of school spirit in some good-for-nothing prank or stunt, put it into our studies.

MYRTHA LINDEBERG. '25.

## The Boy Stowaways

**A**ROUND a small fire made of twigs sat three boys talking earnestly together. One of the boys was a tall dusky youth who had a way of one who had followed the sea. The other two were middle-sized, ragged looking urchins. They were all sons of Italy. The last two seemed to be questioning the first about some interesting subject.

“Do they have plenty to eat in America?” said one.

“Yes, Giovanni,” answered the first boy, whose name was Enrico. As these youths had only one square meal a day in this famine-stricken land of Italy, this was the most interesting theme to them. “And,” continued Enrico, “there is plenty of work to be had.”

“Oh, I wish we were there!” said the third boy, whose name was Michael.

“Bravo!” said Enrico, “your wish shall be granted. On the morrow the liner ‘Stella’ of the Italian-American line sails from this city for America and I am the sixth mate. I can hide you safely. Now listen carefully while I unfold my plan. Just before midnight row out to the side of the liner when I begin my watch on deck. You will find a rope hanging from the forward shrouds over a port hole to the freight deck. Inside you will find an unassembled aeroplane; get inside its cabin and I will see that you are fed, but you will have to get water yourselves some way.”

A few minutes before midnight, a tiny row boat glided noiselessly toward a big

liner at anchor in the bay. It drifted under the forward shrouds of the boat where a rope dangled down the side. Then as noiselessly as cats, two dark shadows climbed up the rope and disappeared in a port hole.

Once inside the boat, Michael nudged Giovanni, and told him to listen to the regular tramping of Enrico’s feet on the deck. Then a slight splash was heard as the rope was cast into the sea. Without much trouble they found the aeroplane, into whose cabin they climbed with beating hearts, and settled themselves with sighs of relief that thus far their adventure had been successfully carried out according to the plan. Several hours afterwards they felt the rolling motion of the ship, and knew that they were on their way toward the land of promise, and their hearts expanded with joy.

Just as they were beginning to wonder if Enrico would be able to help them, they heard a slight sound and suddenly two small bundles were thrown into the cabin. Upon opening these they found bread and meat. These had been left by Enrico as he went his daily rounds on the freight deck. Feeling refreshed after their meal, the boys began to explore their hiding place. Suddenly Michael’s hand touched something cold and wet and, feeling further, he found a small faucet. Was it water or only gasoline left by mistake? These thoughts raced through Michael’s brain. Nervously he opened the faucet

and let it drip in his hand; they tasted and found it was water. Thus they were assured of plenty of water for the trip.

Several days later the rolling of the ship increased to such an extent that the boys did not think so enthusiastically of "the land of plenty" to which they were going. However, they soon became used to the motion of the vessel and once more took an interest in life.

The voyage continued without incident of note until one day the motion of the boat stopped and the boys became anxious as the hour of their escape neared; this was the most critical point of their adventure. Would they be discovered and turned back or would they make the shore in safety?

Luck was with them. They heard the familiar tread of Enrico's feet. He was with the inspectors looking for stowaways and to him fell the job of inspecting the aeroplane's cabin.

That night they crept out and sneaked to the port hole. Suddenly a figure sprang up before them and they nearly dropped in their tracks before they dis-

covered it was their friend Enrico, who told them he had arranged their escape. He had arranged with a trusted Italian to come out and get them in his boat.

He said, "When you hear me cough three times quickly climb down the rope which you will find hanging from the forward shrouds over this port hole and he will take you ashore."

With beating hearts they listened for the cough which they heard soon after midnight and they silently slid out of the port hole and down the rope into the boat which they found waiting for them.

They had dropped into the boat and thought they were safe, when the whistle blew and they were discovered by officers on board the liner. They heard the squeak of pulleys as a boat was lowered, but the Italian in whose boat they were, bent to his oars and they soon made the wharf and were helped up by friendly countrymen who safely hid them.

They heard the cries of their pursuers but they were safe in the "land of promise."

EDWIN COBB, '25.

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### If Money Grew on Trees

THE night was dark and cold; the stars seemed far away, although they were so bright that they seemed to crackle in the sky above, but these things did not impress Jack Brown, the person with whom we are to deal. This Jack was a young man just out of college; he had been working for about a year in a law office in one of the large cities in the eastern part of the country. At this particular moment Jack was rather down in spirits; he had not done quite as well as he had expected to do, the people at the head of the office did not seem to recognize the good qualities in him; so

he had not been advanced as far as he thought he should have been.

"I wish money grew on trees, then we shouldn't have to work for it," yawned Jack as he prepared to retire for the night. He had decided not to go out in such a night as this.

After what seemed a very short time, Jack thought it was morning. He got up, dressed, and walked down stairs. There he was surprised to see the door standing open in spite of the fact that he had been cold the night before. He walked out into the back yard to get some air before breakfast. Out there

the air was as balmy as any spring morning down on the farm. After he had been there a few moments, which he spent in walking about the yard, he noticed something strange about the fruit trees in the rear, near the back fence. Upon walking up to investigate this strange glittering he found that the ground under the trees was covered with shining gold pieces. The trees were full of gold and silver, the leaves were ten-dollar bills, and the twigs were sticks of gold and silver of finest quality. With a gasp Jack was on his knees. He gathered handful after handful of the precious metal; he filled his pockets, and then he went into the house to get a basket. It would be impossible to try to tell how much money Jack gathered, but it is sufficient to say that he worked all day until the sun touched the horizon. Even then there seemed to be millions of dollars left in the trees and on the ground. When evening came, which seemed all too soon, Jack suddenly remembered that he had not eaten all day. So he started out for the center of the town, where he thought he would have the time of his life with some of the money he had gathered.

To Jack's surprise he found, upon reaching the cafe where he had decided to eat, that the door was closed and an announcement hung on the door. This announcement read as follows: "Closed to the public. I have no more need to earn money for I have been out picking it all day. I think I must have about ten million dollars. Proprietor." You may be sure that Jack was not overjoyed to see this; he had not planned upon this; he had not meant that everybody was to have access to that supply of money when he had made his wish. He turned away and started down the street. He was not quite so gay now, for his stomach

was beginning to demand attention. It was the same story at every cafe and restaurant at which Jack stopped. All the proprietors seemed to have been out that day and picked enough money to supply them for the rest of their lives. For this reason they had all closed their places of business and had gone in search of a chance to spend some of their newly acquired wealth. At one place Jack did find a man on duty, but he could not induce him to sell anything. At last Jack walked into a park and sat down on a bench; he was tired after all his walking.

"Well, I have the consolation of knowing that I am in no danger of being robbed of any of my wealth, for the thieves have an equal chance of getting rich in the same manner as I have," mused Jack as he grew drowsy. He grew drowsier and drowsier until he finally he felt himself falling slowly off the bench. Slowly and gently he fell to the ground below.

The next thing Jack knew he was standing upright in his bedroom: he was staring around him at the walls, the blazing sun just rising out of a glorious halo of pink clouds. As he looked out of the window into the yard below he saw something that made his eyes start out of his head. There were the fruit trees. They didn't seem to have any gold or silver on them now, they looked just the same as they had the day before. Now it all came to his mind. He had been dreaming about the money all the time. He hoped that he was not still dreaming.

"I never thought of that part of the wish," mused Jack, "but, now that I think of it, it would not be of any use to me if I could pick money off every tree, for then everybody would have enough of it and nobody would want to work. There's nothing like the old order of things after all."

JEROME A. PENDERGAST, '24.



## Castles in the Air

"SORRY," said Captain Bill, "but every other boat is taken. Yesee, it's a very busy season fer fishin', and the skiffs like this are in great demand. The only reason why this one wa'n't out to-day is that it has a small hole stove in the bow and it wouldn't hardly be safe fer an all day fishin' trip. It would do, though, fer the short row over to the island. Ye couldn't do no worse than git your feet wet."

Mr. Paige looked down at his immaculate new shoes and decided to take no chances. "Never mind," he said. "I'll be down again next week. Perhaps I can hire a motor boat then to take me over."

He spoke in as bored a tone as he could manage, and slammed the door of his automobile to let the talkative captain know that he wished to waste no time in conversation.

"Hey!" yelled the captain as the auto rolled away, "if ye want to see the place, stop at the top of that cliff. There ye can jest git a glimpse of the house 'cross the water, though it's a good five miles away."

Mr. Paige pretended not to hear, but he could not resist turning his car into the sandy road that led to the cliff. He was eager to know what sort of building the distant house could be. The advertisement had assured him that its situation was ideal for an artist who wished absolute solitude, but it said nothing about the house itself, beyond the fact that it was a "beach house." Mr. Paige doubted whether an ordinary beach house could suit his artistic temperament, but he decided that the location was too good to overlook entirely.

He stopped the car at the top of the hill, and his eyes sought the outer ex-

tremity of the island. Instantly a gasp of wonder escaped him. Beach house, indeed! That advertiser certainly didn't know his job. The surprised artist gazed with increasing rapture, for the structure which rose from the distant promontory had every appearance of an ancient castle.

"By Jove, what a piece of luck! Here's a kingly castle for the price of a beach house. *Exactly* what I want!"

A moment later Captain Bill was astonished to see the artist's car speeding back to his boat house. "Did ye like the place?" he inquired with a grin, as he read the expression on the other's radiant face.

"Like it?" came the reply. "Why it's just what I've been looking for. That medieval castle effect is wonderful. Please tell Mr. Jackson that I'll take it. I'll come down again tomorrow to settle up with him."

"Hey! Castle effect? What d'ye mean?" Captain Bill seemed surprised, but Mr. Paige really hadn't heard him this time.

The next day Mr. Paige returned with unabated enthusiasm to visit his newly acquired residence. He succeeded in securing a sea-worthy skiff and reached the near end of the island without mishap. A three-quarter hour ride beside the astonished owner of a horse and buggy took the artist to his end of the long strip of land. After finding the path which led to the house, and instructing the driver to return before nightfall, he proceeded on his way with a light heart, whimsically hoping that the fairy castle had not disappeared.

Suddenly, as he rounded a bend in the path, he came within sight of his destination. But lo, the castle *had* disappeared! No, worse than disappeared, for it had



been transformed into a common, ordinary beach house.

Mr. Paige stopped abruptly and became a picture of amazement. His first move was to ascertain whether or not his eyes were deceiving him. Then, convinced that his vision was not at fault, he approached the cottage as cautiously as if it had been a monster. Subconsciously, he noted that it was very small, built roughly of stone and plaster, and rather cleverly designed.

He walked around to the front of the house and, in spite of his puzzled brain, he could not help observing that the location of the house, at least, more than fulfilled his expectations. A broad ex-

pense of ocean met his eyes and he felt comforted. He turned back to the little cottage, set like a gem before the wooded background, and he suddenly knew that he should learn to love it. It was far more lovable than that cold, mysterious castle of his vision.

Then the truth of the matter flashed across him, and he chuckled happily as he realized that the vision was a mere optical illusion. He knew that those sturdy, rustic steps that he was sitting upon were the winding staircase of that fairy dwelling—a beautiful mirage across a shining sea.

HARRIET GAY, '24.

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### Reflections While Shaving

**E**ACH morning as I stand before my mirror with brush and safety razor, I wonder why man is afflicted with a hirsute growth to spoil an otherwise most pleasing countenance.

What purpose does it serve, I ask myself. Certainly it is no beautifier. If we let it grow, as evidently nature intended, we should appear like a walking shrub.

To-day, to be smooth-shaven is the style and we must be clean shaven or be out of style. So every morning we have the unpleasant task before us of removing this natural growth. We cannot appear in public unshaven or society refuses to

receive us. I wonder why style decrees that this growth must be constantly pruned. Why can't we let nature take its course? Let the whiskers grow, I say, even though man's beauty is marred, and then this dreaded morning task will be done away with.

Oh girls! You are most fortunate that the architect who designed you didn't afflict you as we are afflicted. Your morning disposition would not be as pleasing and sunny if you, too, had to stand before a mirror each morning and lather and rub and scrub and shave.

FORREST MacLEAN, '24.

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### Jim Burns

**I**T was a cold, rainy evening in mid-winter. Above the snow which had already fallen, the sidewalks were covered with a thin coating of ice, threatening disaster to pedestrians. The wind howled and whistled and moaned drearily.

Within the cozy library of the club,

the proverbial pin could have been heard to drop: not a person moved. Each seemed to be busy with his own reflections, lost in thought, as he gazed into the leaping flames of the fireplace and heard the cheerful crackling of the logs.

Suddenly, one man stirred slightly and

spoke. "Well, fellows," he said, "have we decided that Burns will not be president?"

Other men, starting from their reveries, answered, "Of course, he's too young—and besides—"

"I have not," spoke up the eldest and most influential member quietly. Then, as they gazed at him in surprise, he went on calmly, "He's the man we need, gentlemen. Ours is not a club purely for pleasure. It is occupied more and more with business matters as time goes on, and we need a keen, level-headed business man, one who has grit; who will push, persevere, and never give up until he obtains his end. Such a man is Burns."

"Yes, he has a way of setting his jaw, that—but, hang it, man, nobody seems to know anything about him. Tell us about him, Mr. Whitney. You brought him into the club yourself," exploded another member.

Mr. Whitney paused to reflect a moment and then began, "When I first met James Burns, he was a struggling young business man, to whom his father had left the business and a great weight of debts which almost drove Jim upon the rocks. I admired him greatly, for never once did he give up. He always had a cheerful smile for everyone and when a never-ending stream of debts poured in and payment seemed impossible, he did not say, 'I can't,' but set his teeth and said, 'I will.' I must confess that I saw him very seldom at that time.

"Then, one day he came to see me in my office. How it happened, I did not—and still do not—know, but in an hour's time the building was a seething, roaring furnace, and Jim the hero of the hour. He darted here, there, everywhere, quieting employees in the building and help-

ing them to safety. When the fire engine came, I urged him to save himself, shouting in vain at the top of my lungs as I ran to the opposite side of the building to secure very valuable documents. The room into which I went was dense with smoke, and gasping, I groped my way to a table, where I found the documents. I thrust them under my coat and turned to make my way out again, but I stumbled and knew no more until I awoke at home, in bed. You can guess what had happened—Jim had saved my life at the risk of his own. He had gone through the flames to reach me and was very badly burned.

"For over two years he was bed-ridden, suffering untold agony from terrible burns which were slow in healing. And I, oh, how I prayed that he might live, that I might show my gratitude to him!

"His patience was a marvelous, wonderful thing. Sometimes, however, when his sores were most painful, and for a moment I would think that he was giving way to despair, into his eyes would come the old determined look and he would murmur, 'I will.'

"Then, owing to the untiring work of skilled surgeons, he began to get well, to my unbounded joy. I respected, admired, almost adored him then, for his patience, his determination, for all that I was not, more than because he had saved my life. Unconsciously, I began to try to be like him.

"Two years later, when he was completely cured, I bought his business and we went into partnership. In that partnership, he has proven the stuff of which he is made, for he has coped with many a situation which I frankly confess that I could not meet.

"('Why,' he broke off, 'here he is himself.'"

Then, his voice plainly showing his great pleasure, he said to the tall, distinguished-looking man who entered, "Why, Jim, did you come for me?"

After a few laughing remarks, the

party broke up and the waning fire flickered and went out, taking with it all doubt about James Burns.

MARGARET COSTELLO, '24.

### The "Rube"

I OPERATED and lived upon the principle that there were two born every minute. My business was the gentle art of removing any surplus cash that the rural visitors to our great city happened to bring with them. I did this merely because I did not want someone else to get it.

This morning I was walking around the Grand Central station looking for a customer, when I actually heard him coming. His bright brown shoes must have weighed ten pounds each; his clothes were new but they fitted him "near," so to speak. He wore a big bright tie decorated with roses, et cetera, the kind a woman picks out.

To my utter surprise, he came right up to me, and with a meek look asked me to direct him to Forty-second street.

With a look of astonishment, I told him in a confiding voice, "That's just where I'm going. You come with me.

I know how difficult it is to find streets in a strange city."

He did come, and I was happy for I had five hundred dollars in my pocket and was well on the road to more. While on the street car I almost laughed outright when I saw how easy it was to "lift" his bank roll, and furthermore, I was overjoyed when I saw its size.

I left him at Forty-Second street, took a taxi, sank back into the cushions, and took out his big wallet and started—Holy smoke! It was filled with paper! Plain white paper! With haste I threw the paper out and found a note which read, "Sorry to go back on the old saying, 'there is honor among thieves,' but being hard pressed for money, I just had to appropriate yours."

With trembling fingers I put my hand in my pocket, and—my money was gone.

CHAS. FLAHERTY, '24.

### "Then and Now"

IN our lofty, unthinking way we say, "How much better off we are than our forefathers!" But are we, and if we are, in what way?

First of all you will say in our houses. Ridiculous, you say, to compare the elaborate modern steam-heated house with the simple rough log cabin of our forebears! But the very simplicity of the log cabin had its advantages. Its dirt-covered floor needed no periodical polishing and waxing. Its roaring fire

in the fireplace, if it *did* warm one unevenly, made up for that deficiency in the cheerful radiance it cast on the room. I am sure the electric light system of the log cabin never short-circuited, nor did the plumbing need attention. Moreover, the building of the log cabin was a labor of love in which all members of the family joined, so that strikes and labor troubles bothered them not at all.

Now as to clothes and food. When you and I have by strict economy saved



up enough dollars to buy a handmade gown we are duly proud of the fact and boast to our envious friends that we have *one* handmade dress. Now the Pilgrims' clothes were all handmade, and not only were the garments handmade, but the cloth itself was handmade, handspun, and hand colored. You can readily see, therefore, that if handmade is a measure of excellence, the people of the olden times were our superiors.

Of course the histories tell us that there were years when the harvests were scanty, but these "lean" years were followed by years of plenty when the bill of fare makes our mouths water. Wild turkeys from the forests, corn and beans from the fields, fish, clams and oysters from the sea were theirs for the taking. Now when the head of the family pays for the Thanksgiving turkey, he wonders where the money is coming from to pay for the potatoes and turnips.

Of course you will say that our forefathers had no supersix automobile to ride in, nor any wide macadam road on which to travel. True enough, he had to depend upon his two feet to get him

anywhere and his road was a narrow rough path through the wilderness. Moreover, he might meet a bear or a wolf and he was often in danger of being scalped by a wandering Indian. With all these perils, however, he had as good a chance of reaching home safely as have we when we attempt to cross Washington street during the rush hour.

You will remind me that our forefathers had no art galleries to visit, nor radio concerts to enjoy. But what of that? From the time the first arbutus came till autumn ended in a "blaze of glory," the fields and forests were full of a beauty that art galleries try in vain to imitate. And as for concerts, instead of paid prima donnas, the Pilgrims listened to songs by all kinds of sweet-voiced birds.

Let us not waste any more time pitying our poor ancestors, for I am sure that in their rude life they had as much enjoyment as do we of our time. If our forefathers could see the hustle and bustle of our life today, they would be glad they lived so many years ago.

BARBARA HOWES, '24.

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### The Man

THE still western air was crisp and fresh. Summer had departed and the leaves were fast falling from the trees. A great mountain stood like a monarch above the forest. Directly below was an open stretch of land. A noise was heard, and from the bushes surrounding this spot came a man mounted on a horse.

One look at the face and features of this man suggested an interesting fact. He was about thirty-five years of age and very tall and husky. His hands were large and tough and his face showed that he had suffered much.

Before we go farther I must tell you of

his past life. His father had been a member of that famous order, the Northwest Mounted Police. One winter night his father had gone to the village inn to capture an Indian prisoner who had escaped from the prison yard. It happened that the Indian did not go into the saloon but hid outside the door. The officer, on his arrival, was about to climb the steps when a shot was heard and he fell back. One hour later he died but not without a few last words.

As he died he said, "My son, continue the work I have started, not for revenge but for justice."



The man of thirty-five whom we have met, is the son of the officer who eighteen years before had listened to the words of his father and answered the call of the law.

When he entered the clearing, he dismounted and took the pack from his horse. As he set to work at building a camp he moved slowly and accurately. He built a camp fire and sat beside it while he waited for his food to cook. His expression was sad yet grim and determined. Winter would soon be upon him. Many winters had he faced, all with the same result of many hardships and no prospect of reward. At times he would say, "Am I foolish to attempt to catch this man? By any possibility is the man dead and beyond my reach?" Then like a flash those thoughts would disappear and he would raise his hands to heaven and cry out, "I will succeed, I must succeed."

He ate his supper and after erecting a rude lean-to, he retired for the night. He had been asleep only a few hours when across the clearing there came two skulking forms. Instantly the officer awoke when he heard their cries but he was at the mercy of their arrows. He held his hands up in surrender. As they

faced him he could hardly refrain from showing his feelings. They were two Indian horse-thieves and one was the murderer of his father. It was useless for him to move. They tied him to a horse and led him to their camp. He was taken to their chief and sentenced to death by fire. They tied him to a pole and packed brush around his feet. All this time a thunder storm was approaching. The lightning flashed brilliantly. An Indian came forward, torch in hand, to light the fire. As he threw the torch, a bolt of lightning struck him on the steel bracelet he was wearing and he fell dead. The officer cried out, "Free me or the gods will punish you." But they lit the brush again. No sooner had they done this when a torrent of rain swept down and extinguished the flames. The Indians, suddenly seized with fear, fell on their knees and cried for mercy while others rushed up and cut the bonds of the white man. But the fear of one Indian was not sincere. He was seen crawling toward the horses. A shot rang out and the Indian fell dead. A white man was seen to raise his hands and cry out, "Father, your work is finished."

FRED PENDERGAST, '25.

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## FOREIGN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

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### El Efecto de Benevolencia

En una pequeña ciudad en España, vivieron una muchacha y su hermano. Vivieron en uno pueblo acerca del mercado. Sus parentes han muerto cuando fueron jóvenes y Carlos tuvo que sostener su hermana por conducir las mulas de comerciantes en el mercado. Sus parentes estuvieron muy pobres así los muchachos

debieron de trabajar mucho. Un día, Carlos volvió a casa, caliente y cansado y le arrojaron en la dura silla poltrona mientras Rosita preparaba la cena modica. Un choca a la puerta interrumpió su reposo. Se levantó y fué a la puerta. Al abrir la vió uno viejo hombre. El hombre fué tan debil que no podía hablar. Empujó Carlos y se cayó con cansancio en la silla poltrona.

Antes que Carlos tuvo tiempo hablar el hombre se durmió. Toda la noche el hombre continuó dormir, y en la mañana cuando Carlos y Rosita fueron mirarle, fué tranquilo. Después de comer su desayuno, Carlos fúe a su trabajo, diciendo a Rosita que hiciese buena guardia sobre el visitador extraordinario Volvió a noche y fúe encontrado a la puerta por Rosita quien le dijo que su visitador hubo muerto. Carlos no supo lo que hacer. El examinó la ropa del hombre pero no halló nada sino un fragmente de papel en cual fúe escrito "Calle de Seine, Pais de Arbolado." Carlo no conoció nadie de este ciudad. Pronto, el trajo mapas de su padre, y halló que Pais de Arbolado fúe una pequena ciudad muy distante del ciudad en la cual el vivió. A pesar de su pobreza, Carlos creyó que fúe su obligación ir hallar quien era este hombre pobre. Al llegar al Pais de Arbolado, inquirió este hombre. Ellos le dijeron que fúe el Señor Sabedore quien hubo estado buscando todo la vida sus dos nietos. Carlos, al oír el nombre estuvo muy excitado porque su nombre fúe Sabedore, también. Su abuelo hubo negado Carlos padre cuando estuvo joven así Carlos no hubo visto a su abuelo. El halló que, por el testamento de su abuelo y abuela, él y Rosita fueron muy ricos.

ANNA HIGGINS, '25.

### Mi Proprietario—el Deber

Un día una compañera de clase me paró en el coridor y me pidió a venir a su casa en la tarde a jugar "Mah Jong." Yo lo había jugado antes, y lo había querido mucho. Así dí palmadas y le dije que vendría con mucho gusto. Iba con alegre el resto del día a todas mis clases porque supe había un buen tiempo viniendo por la tarde.

Pero desdicha era yo. A cada clase

mi maestra me dijo,—Mañana tendremos una examinación, o tal vez—Mañana, señorita Blanco, quiero que vd me traiga un artículo por el "Arguenot." o algunas veces la maestra solamente me dió una lección muy grande a aprender.

Bien, todas las clases pararon como esto, y al fin del día mi salida de la escuela era digna de verse porque tuve tantos libros que apenas podía llevarlos.

En la tarde, miraba a todos mis estudios y entonces pensaba del juego de "Mah Jong." Pues dije—adiós—al juego y me senté para hacer mi deber.

Es siempre como eso. Todo el tiempo es preciso que yo sacrifique mis gustos para el deber y posiblemente alguna vez, habrá una ocasión cuando será posible alegrarme sino que el deber me interrumpa—pero tengo mis dudas.

BARBARA HOWES, '24.

### La Profecía de Nuestra Clase de Espanol

En el año 1933 nosotros nos encontramos a una reunión de nuestra clase en Everett Hall. Todas las personas se han convertido en aspecto personal pero sus costumbres se parecen ser lo mismo. Nuestra memoria nos lleva de nuevo a la clase de Español en 1923.

El señor Allen duerme todavía como lo hacía con la señorita Hayes mirandole sobre el hombro.

Detrás del salón encontramos la señorita Corcoran explicando a la señorita Curran, cómo los pájaros suspiran por sus picos, pero la señorita Curran está demasiado absorbida en su diccionario de español, para pagar alguna atención.

La señorita Fanning habla continuamente a un grupo de escuchantes mal dispuestos.

La señorita Pat, disputa como siempre los meritos de sufragio.

Encontramos los niños de la clase, los más crecidos de todos. Mirando a cada uno, Flaherty o Foley, uno pensaría que sus caras rajarían si ellos tentaron sonreír.

Los señores Frederickson y Johnson hablan sobre el valor de maestras. El señor Johnson quien se ha puesto enamorado de una maestra apenas discute la problema. El señor Frederickson, sin embargo, mantiene firmemente que maestros son los personas que trabajan lo más en el mundo.

La señorita Keeler mira con sospecho al señor Hastings quién se ha postrado negligentemente en sus pies delante de ella.

La señorita Higgins concede que ha olvidado su vocabulario español, pero la señorita Howes dice que se acuerda un poco.

La señorita Griffin se siente arriba mas inteligente que los otros de la clase, pensando que, habiendo tratado todas cosas más que una vez, ella es superior al resto de la clase.

El señor Kelter, hablando a un grupo, piensa, sin embargo, que algunas personas sin vida, son más muertas que otros.

La señorita McDonough ahora se siente contenta a pensar que tenía que permanecer en casa noches de Domingos para estudiar su español porque ahora mantiene una posición como interprete del español para el gobierno.

El señor Molloy trabaja por días porque ahora el es responsable a alguien otro por sus acciones por noche.

La señorita Morris se admira como se acuerda tanto español cuando no hacía jamás una lección, mientras el señor Towne humildemente dice que no se acuerda una palabra y ha trabajado tanto.

Las señoritas Swift y Sopp, tienen habitos de pel y como todas las ventanas son cerradas ellas quieran mucho aire fresco.

La señorita Hayes, como la huésped de honor, mira sobre el grupo como ella lo hizo en 1923. Ella nota las diferencias en cada una y después de su discurso anunció su matrimonio que tomó lugar hace cinco años.

M. OWENS,  
E. GIFFORD.

## Le Department Francais

### L'Automne

C'est l'automne. Les feuilles sont tombées des arbres. Les hommes boutonnent les cols de leurs habits autour des cous. Les enfants sont fâchés de voir partir l'été. L'êtes-vous aussi? Les jours sont plus courts. Bientôt viendra l'hiver. Alors, adieu à l'automne.

JOSEPH MOORE, '26.

### Le Feu Mystérieux

Tous les jours je vois de ma fenêtre un très grand feu qui brûle clairement toujours. Depuis des jours et des semaines ce feu brûle. Il continuera sans doute à brûler, jussequ'à ce qu'il pleuve. Quand je regarde ce feu je pense à "La Petite Fadette", l'histoire que nous avons lue l'année dernière. Toujours Landry Barbeau, héros de cette histoire vit un feu mystérieux.

Il y a grand besoin de pluie ici maintenant. Dans notre ville et dans les villes voisines aussi il n'y a pas d'eau dans les sources. Nous serions bien contents de voir la pluie.

DOROTHY BROWN, '24.

### La Reponse Ridicule

Un jour deux hommes parlaient ensemble. Un homme dit à l'autre. "Quel est l'emploi de la tête? Tout sert à



quelque chose excepté la tête. Les pieds courent, les yeux voient, les oreilles entendent, le nez sent, mais pourquoi est-ce qu'on nous a donné une tête?"

"Comme vous êtes bête," répondit l'autre.

"Pourquoi cela?" demanda le premier.

"Eh bien," dit son ami, si on n'avait pas de tête sur quoi posera-t-on son chapeau."

IRVING FIREMAN, '26.

### Le Drapeau Tricolore de la France

Le drapeau français est très simple mais très brillant. Les habitants adoptèrent cette espèce de bannière il y a cent ans à peu près. Autrefois l'emblème des Français était la fleur-de-lis. Celle-ci était probablement quelque sorte de lis ou d'iris, on ne sait pas exactement ce qui c'était.

Après la chute de la monarchie, et lorsque Napoléon était empereur, l'emblème de guerre était l'aigle. Ni l'un ni l'autre de ces emblèmes n'est en usage maintenant, mais le drapeau bleu, blanc, et rouge est la bannière nationale de la France.

HARRIETT GAY, '24.

### Une Leçon de Prononciation

Un général de l'armée américaine avait une femme qui était française. Dans cette armée il y avait un sous-officier qui causait un jour avec la femme de son général et voulait lui dire qu'il était à Paris depuis un an. Cependant il ne savait pas s'exprimer très bien en français et après un peu d'embarras, il dit subitement, "Madame, je suis un âne de Paris."

ROSE LEVINE, '24.

### Une Description de Notre Ecole

Notre école est un grand bâtiment de brique jaune. Elle a deux grandes portes d'entrée à travers lesquelles les élèves entrent. Il y a beaucoup de salles de classes à l'intérieur. Le bâtiment est haut de trois étages et le département français est au premier étage dans les salles 101 et 105. Notre école est une des meilleures écoles de Nouveau Angleterre. Au devant du bâtiment il y a une belle pelouse et des allées de ciment qui conduisent aux marches. Notre école est très belle; c'est l'école idéale.

MAURICE F. MAHER, '25.

### Le Jour de Grace en Amérique

Le Jour de Grâce est en Amérique le dernier jeudi de novembre. C'est un jour où les enfants sont rassemblés chez leurs parents ou leurs grands-parents. Il y a toujours un beau dîner de dindon, de sauce de canneberge, de noisettes, de fruits, et de bon-bons. Tout le monde s'amuse beaucoup mais il faut prendre garde de trop manger!

ALICE FRENCH, '26.

### Une Classique Américaine

Mais oui; nous n'avons pas de bananes,  
Pas de bananes aujourd'hui.

Nous avons des haricots verts et des  
oignons

Des choux et des "scallions"

Et toutes sortes de fruit et dites,

Que nous avons une tomate à l'ancienne  
mode

Et des pommes de terre de "Long Island."

Mais oui, nous n'avons pas de bananes,  
Pas de bananes aujourd'hui.

Traduite par

CHARLES RAFUSE, '24.



## L'Automne et Ses Jours de Fête

En automne les feuilles commencent à tomber, les fleurs sont mortes, et l'hiver s'approche. Il pleut souvent et les enfants vont à l'école sous la pluie. Le vent souffle beaucoup aussi, et quelquefois il neige un peu.

L'automne est une saison très joyeuse à cause de ses jours de fête. Il y a le soir de "Hallowe'en," le Jour de Grâce et Noël. Le Jour de Grâce est une occasion très joyeuse parceque nous mangeons un grand dîner, et nous n'allons pas à l'école ce jour-là. Pour le dîner nous avons des viandes, des légumes, des fruits, et cetera. Nous mangeons de bon appetit.

Noël est aussi un jour très très joyeux parceque nous donnons et recevons de très jolis cadeaux. J'aime beaucoup Noel et le Jour de Grâce et vous les aimez aussi, n'est-ce pas?

RAYMOND HARTNETT. '26.

## Tres Signifiant!

La mère (à sa domestique): "Mon petit Henri, n'est-il pas encore rentré de l'école?"

La domestique: "Je pense que oui, Madame, parceque le chat est sous le sofa."

## Un Voyage a Everett

J'allai au jeu de ballon (de football) à Everett avec des amies dans notre automobile: Nous partîmes de Norwood à une heure de l'après-midi. D'abord nous allâmes à Dedham puis à Cambridge et à Somerville et enfin nous arrivâmes à Everett. Il était alors deux heures à peu près et les joueurs y étaient déjà. Nous entrâmes dans le passage et par-

quâmes notre automobile au dehors de la carrière. Puis nous nous rendîmes au champ où devait avoir lieu le jeu. Le maître, Monsieur Grant y était déjà et il nous dit d'aller à droite si nous désirions applaudir pour Norwood. Nous trouvâmes ici encore des amis de Norwood et à trois heures moins un quart le jeu commença.

La ligne d'Everett avança un peu mais Norwood les tint très bien. Tout le monde dans notre ligne joua à merveille. Il était un jeu très difficile et nos adversaires avaient beaucoup plus de poids que nos hommes. Bien que Everett gagnât la victoire il n'était pas du tout une vraie défaite pour nous et le jeu était bien joué du commencement jusque qu'à la fin.

Nous partîmes pour chez nous à cinq heures, bien satisfaits du résultat du jeu et très contents de ceux qui avaient soutenu la bannière bleue.

HELEN PARROCK. '24.

## L'Automne

L'automne est la saison de l'année qui fait les enfants gais. Les feuilles sont de jolis couleurs et quand ils commencent à tomber les enfants font des feux. L'automne est aussi la saison où les mères nettoient leurs maisons. L'automne nous apporte beaucoup de jours de congé. Hallowe'en est un des soirs que nous célébrons. Tout le monde est triste quand l'automne est terminé.

NORA BARRY. '25.

## Le Premier Jour de Grace

Un jour froid de l'hiver de 1620 un bateau qui s'appelait la "Mayflower" toucha à la côte de Massachusetts. Sur ce bateau étaient les pérelins qui venaient d'Angleterre pour s'établir dans ce pays.

Tout était couvert de glace et de neige. Les hommes coupèrent des arbres et bâtirent des maisons pour leurs familles. Ces maisons n'avaient pas de vitres aux fenêtres et par conséquent ils se servirent des papiers à huile.

Pendant l'hiver beaucoup de pèlerins sont morts parce qu'il n'y avait pas assez d'aliments. Les hommes semèrent les graine et pendant l'été les légumes grandissaient dans les jardins. En automne ils étaient plus confortables et les Peaux Rouges étaient devenus leurs amis. Alors ils se décidèrent à choisir un jour pour faire des actions de grâce à Dieu. Ils appelaient ce jour, le Jour de Grâce et ils firent des remerciements pour les bonheurs qu'ils avaient reçus.

Le peuple américain observe tous les ans ce jour pour rappeler la memoire des braves hommes qui vinrent à la côte de Massachusetts il y a si longtemps.

MARY FLAHERTY, '26.

### La Societe Tricolore

La première réunion de la Société Tricolore avait lieu le quinze octobre à quatre heures de l'après-midi. A cette réunion on a élu les officiers de la société. Il sont comme il suit:

La présidente, Mlle. Costello; la vice-présidente, Mlle. Turner; le secrétaire, M. Sansone; la trésorière, Mlle. Murphy.

A cette réunion ou s'est décidé d'un impôt de dix sous par mois pour chaque membre.

Alors les affaires accomplies, on a joué "Le Prince de Paris." La séance était terminée à cinq heures moins dix.

Il y avait dix-huit élèves présents. La deuxième réunion de ce groupe aura lieu le 12 novembre à la même heure. Il y aura aussi une deuxième groupe de la même société qui va réunir une fois par mois.

### Le Cercle Francais

Les écoles dans l'Amerique sont les plus bonnes du monde. Elles sont bonnes dans la situation de la santé, de l'étude, de ses gouvernements—en tout, les écoles d'Amerique sont les mieux.

Notre école est un bon exemple des écoles de notre pays. Elle est grande, claire, belle et elle a tous les choses modernes qui sont nécessaires pour une bonne école.

Maintenant la chose la plus nouvelle est le cercle français. La prononciation français des Americains est terrible, mais si les enfants, les élèves dans les écoles apprendront la vrai prononciation, ils la recorderont quand ils seront vieux, et s'ils donneront cette prononciation de père à fils, la prononciation sera mieux. Par conséquent nous avons le cercle français.

Mais, voici la chose triste—les élèves, pensent que c'est seulement et encore un travail additionnel, et ils ne vont pas au cercle.

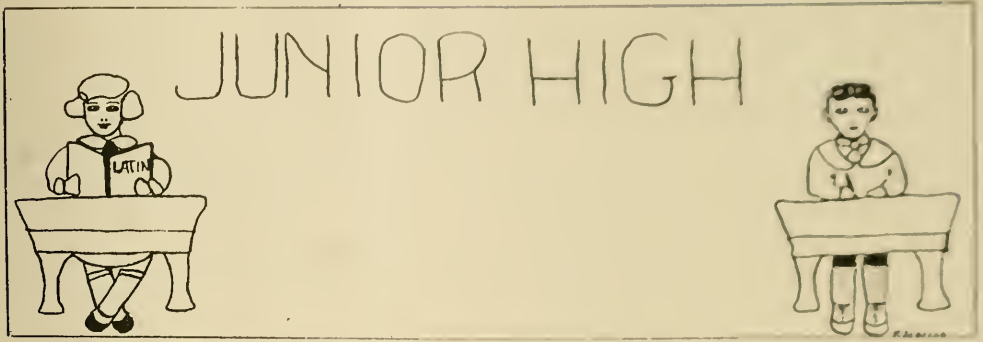
Attendez, tout le monde. Premièrement, votre prononciation sera mieux; secondairement, vos mots au français sera certainement mieux; troisièmement, le cercle sera plus grand et vous amuserez beaucoup.

Allez! Tout le monde au cercle français! MYRTHA LINDEBERG, '25.

### "Perge Modo"

"Perge modo, et verte qua semita monstrat." Haec verba Cythereae videntur demonstrare viam ad felicitatem. Si sequimur veram et innocentem semitam primo, et si adducimur ut avertamus ab ea, ubi difficultates et curae abstant nobis, ea facultate nihil meremur. Superare eas difficultates, pergere modo quoad adsequamur consilium ad quod profecti sumus, facit nos dignos felicitatis.

MARGARET COSTELLO, '24.



### Future Improvements for Our Junior High School

**L**AST night I had a dream that carried me ahead to nineteen thirty. As I went to school I noted changes enough to startle me. I had no sooner taken my seat in school and talked to my neighbor than I was turned over and spanked severely by a machine attached to my seat called the "slapper." I had no trouble hearing my teachers, as in rooms and corridors were amplifiers installed, which changed a whisper to a yell. You can imagine how it sounded when some teachers spoke (not any one in particular).

As I started to mount the stairs slowly, my heart went into my mouth as the stairs, or now the escalator, gathered speed. An elevator was also provided for anyone who wished to descend or ascend quickly. As the third period room adjoined the last room, I went to the door. But the teacher didn't want the corridors crowded, so she lifted up the

black board for the class to go to the next room. Free lunch was provided for everyone at our one-hour recess. When the day was over I was sorry, as I would have to walk home and exert myself, for the first time in the day. But an airship called the Z-R-1 arrived and took us home. We almost had a collision on A-1 street with a small Ford plane. It was narrowly averted to the Ford's good luck.

The next day we took a trip to Blue Hill and realized one of Miss Vose's science ambitions. We were almost late for the next period as the plane was slow and took a whole minute to get back. Our English assignment being to find a new way to solve the airship's traffic problems, I started to delve into that when I came to, and was happy to know that the earth hadn't reached that speed yet, and I still had time to breathe.

EDMUND G. CAINE, Div. 9B.

### Venice in Boston

Place: Faneuil Hall Market, Boston.

Time: October, 1923.

Characters: Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano.

Antonio: Well, so this is Boston!

Bassanio: Methinks this is a fine place, but Venice is better.

Gratiano: Ah, Bassanio, you should not be speaking or thinking of Venice. Come let us view the strange sights.

A truck loaded with products appears.

Bassanio: Well, well, what have we here? Indeed, though I have seen many an animal, this is the most terrible I have yet beheld.



Gratiano: Indeed, 'tis not an animal I think, for with those eyes glaring and smoke coming from behind, it reminds me truly of the devil, yea of the evil one himself.

Bassanio: Fie, fie, Gratiano! what foolishness you speak! Would the devil be willing to work? Why, this creature carries so much it would make the African camel blush for shame. Ah, Antonio, what a fine creature this would be for taking your merchandise from your ships. All the merchants in Venice and even the

Duke himself would turn green with envy, and so for making money, why you could make Shylock look like a pauper.

Antonio: Yes, yes, that would indeed be fine, but for the life of me I do not know what to feed this creature—

Gratiano, interrupting suddenly: Come, come, let us away; already the sun has gone down in the west and it is time to sup.

EXIT.

JOSEPH BREEN.

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### An Autumn Argument

"Where yo' get dem watermelons,  
Dem great big yallerish ones dere?  
Sambo, are you'se swiping dem ober to  
Shellon's?  
'Cause of yo' is, you'se gonna get wan  
big scare.

"A man tol' me dat dere was great big  
ghosts  
An' dey was all dressed up in white,  
An' when dey get yo', dey make yo' roast,  
An' what makes it wuss, it's all in de  
night!"

"Now, Jumbo, I knows what you'se  
about,  
It's dem watermelons,—yo' wants dem  
all,  
So yo' fib so much, to keep me out,  
But you'se not goin' to do it at all.

"For as long as I lib, I'll do as I please,  
An' I ain't scared to go ober to Shel-  
lon's,  
An when I'se ober dere, I'll hab all I  
please  
Ob dem nice big yallerish melons."  
FRANCIS HARRIS.

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### Smoke Envelops Norwood

The burning of the peat bogs and Canton Meadows sent out intense smoke which frequently buried Norwood and other towns nearby Wednesday, October 17, 1923. The smoke was so intense one could not see twenty-five feet away.

The autoists were blowing their horns in a manner that made them sound like fog-horns on a foggy day near the coast. It

was also said that a Norwood woman put her clothes out to dry and when she took them in, they were all black from smoke. The firemen have used one million gallons of water on the fire. The fire is burning from twelve to fifteen feet underground.

"Fire is a good servant but a poor master."

JOHN DIXON.

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Teacher: What great man do you think of when you put coal on the fire?  
Pupil: Phillip the Grate.

Ques.: What is the first thing a billiard ball does when it stops?  
Ans.: Looks round—



## Autumn Wonders

In autumn days the leaves change color,  
Some are red an' green an' yeller,  
An' when the wind goes whistlin' by  
You jes' oughter see how them leaves fly;  
Some fly east and some fly west,  
'Cordin' to which the wind thinks best.

An' when the leaves get all brown an' dry  
I look at the trees, an' then I sigh,  
'Cause they did look so green an' fair  
When they had their leaves, but they're  
bare.

An' while I stand there under a tree  
I look on the ground and there are nuts  
for me.

So down I sit, right on the ground  
An' begin to paw the leaves around:  
An' when I find more nuts I wonder  
If summer holds as many wonders.  
So though I like spring and summer, too,  
I think autumn's nicest, don't you?

BARBARA ROBERTS.

## Caught

"LET'S have some fun to-night,  
boys," said Joe, "we have just  
been sitting around for the last few  
nights doing nothing."

Then a great chorus of voices shouted,  
"Let's go over to Old Farmer Perkins'  
and take some grapes. We haven't  
been there for a long time."

"That would be great sport," said Joe,  
"but I have a feeling that we shall be  
caught to-night." Then all shouted,  
"Squealer!" "I'm not a squealer," said  
Joe, "I just thought I'd mention it.  
But if that's where you are going, I will  
go too, because I want to have some fun  
myself."

Soon they were at Old Farmer Perkins'  
stone wall and silently, one by one, they  
jumped over it, making as little noise  
as possible. They had just reached the

grape-vine with its great bunches of  
sweet, delicious grapes hanging from it,  
when they heard a rustle in the leaves.  
All the boys stood silent for a moment.  
Then they thought they had been hearing  
things, and began to fill their pockets and  
their stomachs with grapes.

Suddenly, without warning, Joe was  
seized by the collar, and when he turned  
his head to see what had happened, there  
was Old Farmer Perkins staring him in  
the face.

He was very angry with the boys, and  
he took their names and told them that he  
would tell their fathers.

Thus the boys, trying to have fun in  
their own way, went home that night,  
tired and frightened, wondering what  
would happen to them when their  
fathers heard about it.

The farmer, being a "good scout,"  
got the best of his temper the next day  
and remembered that he had once been a  
boy himself and so he forgave the boys,  
making them promise that if they ever  
wanted grapes again they would come  
and ask for them.

GERTRUDE MALONEY.

## The Land of the Rising Sun

WE will take a trip across the ocean  
to the land of the Rising Sun,  
where the dark-skinned and slanting-  
eyed people are talking in a gibberish  
tongue.

The houses in Japan are very small and  
low. They are built that way because  
of the earthquakes. It also costs a lot  
of money to build the houses up again.  
The houses of Japan are built of strong  
bamboo so they won't hurt anybody when  
they fall. They have no doors or windows  
that open and shut. The only windows  
or doors are made by sliding the screens  
to and fro.

They have no chairs or large tables. They sit on the floor on beautiful rugs. Each person has a table about a foot high.

The Japanese eat a great deal of rice and drink a great deal of tea. They have pretty dishes and bowls but they eat with chopsticks.

The people sleep on mats, covering themselves with soft quilts. The pillows are blocks of wood on which they lay their heads.

Out of doors the people wear sandals of wood and straw. These sandals are strapped to their feet. You know the people never wear their sandals in the house and you can always tell how many people are in the house by the row of sandals outside. On a rainy day the people wear high, wooden clogs to keep their feet dry. Their raincoats, hats and umbrellas are made of oiled paper or rice straw. These things keep them dry. Instead of stockings they wear foot gloves and these are like our mittens. The Japs wear long robes with large sashes.

Whenever you want to ride, you ride in a go-cart drawn by a man. He can run very fast without getting tired.

The people are very fond of flowers and they raise a great many chrysanthemums. They have a great many festivals. The cherry blossom is the greatest. The children are very happy and their parents give them much pleasure.

GERTRUDE O'BRIEN.

## The American Flag

The American Flag—  
Long may it wave!  
An emblem of things  
Both noble and brave.

For the highest ideals  
It always will stand,  
The respect of all nations  
It will always command.

To all true Americans  
"Our flag" is the best,  
And the nation it stands for  
Leads all the rest.

So try to keep it  
As high as you can,  
An emblem of the best qualities  
That make a real man.

ROSE PERLMUTTER, 9B.

## In the Restaurant

"I'm not a bit hungry—I'll just have a cup of tea and a muttered buffin."

"Ha, ha! you mean a buffered muttin."

"You're as bad as I am. Of course I mean a muffered buttin—"

"A buttoned muffer—"

"A buffined mutter—"

"Oh, pshaw, let's take crumpets!"

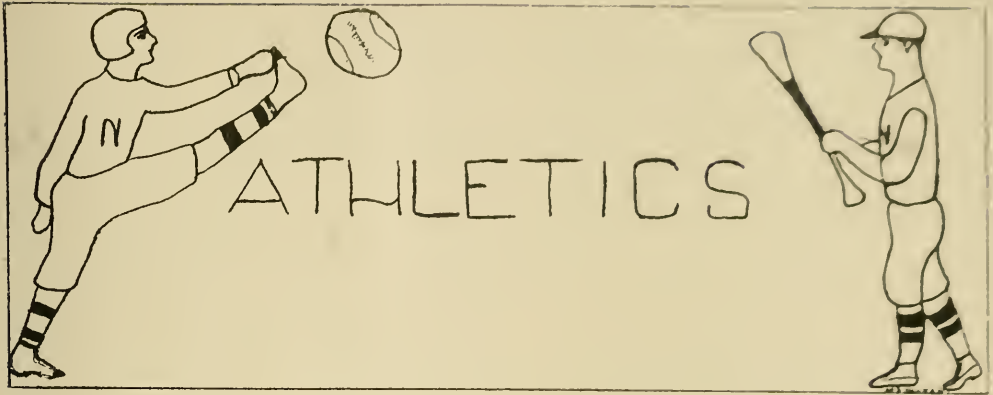
\* \* \*

Dick: Hawaii?

Bill: Hayti tell you.

Jack: Aw, Guam!





At the close of last year, Norwood High's football team had established a record that all forecoming teams will try to maintain. The prospects for this year looked uncertain with only a few veterans returning. However, Coach Murray has done wonders with the green material and his efforts have been rewarded by their remarkable success in the games that have been played.

\* \* \*

#### **Norwood in New Bedford**

On September 29 Norwood journeyed to New Bedford to play their initial game. As it was the first contest of the year, there was much fumbling and penalties imposed. Most of these errors were committed by the Norwood team and in three cases it cost us touchdowns. The ball was carried over New Bedford's line by Dower in the first half for the only tally of the game. Not at any time during the game did New Bedford threaten to score. The final result was Norwood 6, New Bedford 0.

\* \* \*

#### **Everett vs. Norwood**

Norwood loses its first game by two points. The score itself tells the type of a game it was—a hard fought combat all through. Everett had the edge in the first half with Norwood taking the honors in the second.

Everett had a very strong line and also a fast backfield, which is a combination difficult to defeat. Taylor, the shifty Everett back, was the best ground gainer for our opponents. The two Norwood ends, McLean and Allen, smeared the fast-moving Everett backs time after time. "Tenner" McDonough played in the second half, greatly strengthening the team.

\* \* \*

#### **Worcester Trade vs. Norwood**

The Worcester Trade eleven were entertained by Norwood on October 12. They possessed a powerful and big team and it was forecasted by many that they would give our team a stubborn battle. During the first half, Norwood circled their ends for many substantial gains. At the end of the first half the score stood, Norwood 12, Worcester 0. The second half was a repetition of the first with Norwood scoring two more touchdowns. The final score was Norwood 26-Worcester Trade 0.

So far this season Norwood's goal line has not been crossed.

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#### **Norwood at Needham**

On October 20, Norwood took on Needham at Needham. Needham put up a far better game than was expected. Norwood used nothing but straight line



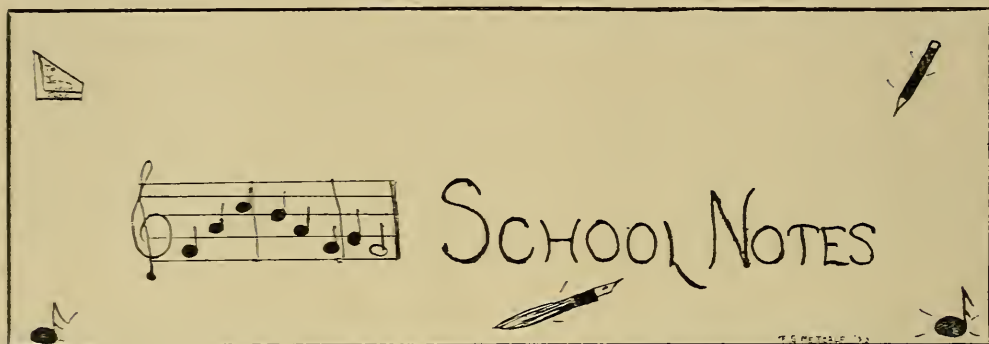
plunges, since Coach Murray did not want to show Dedham anything more than was necessary. Karshis, Norwood's right tackle, was injured near the end of the first half. Despite the cheering of the Dedham fans against Norwood, the final whistle found Norwood leading 7 to 0. James Thomas, Norwood's veteran center, played his usual sterling game.

\* \* \*

#### Boston Latin vs. Norwood

On its next start, Norwood overwhelmed Boston Latin school by the

score of 20 to 0. Norwood found no difficulty in gaining through Latin's line and continually went for long gains, while on the other hand, Latin was stopped from gaining by the fine tackling of McDonough and Bunney. On the offense some fine holes were opened up by Hanson, our right guard. The line-plunging of Dower was a feature, while too much cannot be said of the broken-field running of Drummey. "Hoddie" Spierdowis played a splendid game, both on the offense and defense.



### School Activities

A full period of chorus work, directed by Mr. Morse, has been thoroughly enjoyed by the High School Chorus every Thursday. A few weeks ago the chorus rejoiced to find new song books awaiting them in Everett Hall. These new books seem to have made a decided "hit" among the students, for, in spite of all rules, some of the tunes come out in occasional bursts of song in the corridors of N. H. S.

The High School Orchestra and Glee Clubs expect to start work very soon under the direction of Mr. Morse.

Miss Foster and Miss Hayes have made plans for French Clubs to be formed by the second and third year French classes. The third year students have already met and elected the following officers: president, M. Costello; vice-president, M. McCarthy; secretary, C. Sansone; treasurer, H. Murphy. The clubs are to meet once a month, and they hope to arrange several special programs during the year.

### Senior Class Notes

Shortly after the opening of school, the officers of the Senior Class were elected.

They were chosen as follows: president, Michael Drummey; vice-president, Bar-

bara Howes; secretary, Margaret Costello; treasurer (boys), Carl Ambrose; treasurer (girls), Lillian Burdett; executive committee: Ruth Watson, George Allen, Forrest MacLean, Lindsay Cleveland and Edward Landry; athletic council, Francis Dower.

The first class meeting was held the week following the election. At this meeting the subject of class dues was taken up. It was finally decided to have the tax 25c a month. A great deal of interest in class affairs was displayed during this meeting. Let's have all of the meetings as snappy and interesting as the last one, Seniors.

### Movies in Norwood High School

Robin Hood—"Scratchy" Allen.  
Tess of the Storm Country—Esther Sinclair.  
The Sheik—Tony Karshis.  
The Ninety and Nine (almost)—Senior Class.  
Third Alarm—8 o'clock bell.  
Three Musketeers—Tony, Bud and "Dogger."  
Rip Van Winkle—Bud Dower.  
The Fruit Vender—"Eb" Sansone.  
Queen of Sheba—Nellie Readell.  
Freckles—"Pat" Pendergast.  
Five Dollar Baby—Peter Farioli.  
The Kid—Stanton Slavin.  
Money, Money, Money—Carl Ambrose (treasurer).  
Follies of the Day—Seniors in 7th Period.  
Daredevil Dick—Dick Cuff.  
Gentleman of Leisure—John Dowdie.  
Someone Must Pay—Class Tax.  
The Woman with Four Faces—Miss Abbott in 7th Period.  
The White Flower—Katherine Foss.  
Experience—Our four years in N. H. S.  
Life of the Party—Mickey Drummey.  
Printer's Devil—Henry Diggs.

The Restless Sea—Sophomore Girls.  
Fog Bound—Ruth and Charlie near Ellis Station.

Children of Jazz—High School Orchestra.

The Speed King—"Fitzy."  
Behind Closed Doors—The Private Office.

### Senior Jokes

Miss Blaisdell (reading to class): So they shook hands all over.

\* \* \*

Miss Blaisdell: Give an example of a pun.

Bibs: One of my stockings is all whole and the other is all holes.

\* \* \*

Lindsay: Do you like girls with brown eyes?

John: No, I like girls with green backs.

\* \* \*

O'Connor: Did you ever see a pedestrian held up for breaking traffic rules?

Landry: No, but I never saw a pedestrian run over an automobile and wreck it.

\* \* \*

The Senior Latin Class—

M. Costello, translating: "He smiled at Venus with his face."

H. Parrock: "The deer stood erect with a cherry tree on his head."

\* \* \*

Latin Translation—

"The Trojans dug up the dead horse which they took as an omen."

Helen Gottberg. I wouldn't call a dead horse an omen. I'd call it an odor.

\* \* \*

Miss Foster (to O'Connor who had just translated): That is a good translation but the words do not mean that.

### Our Idea of Nothing at All

1. Studious Sophomores.
2. Pat's hair cut.
3. Seventh period.

4. Wrap around skirts.
5. Rainy days.
6. Sixth Period History Class.
7. Ruth's curls!
8. Staying after school.

### Junior Notes

Here we are, ex-sophomores, as Juniors! It's a grand and glorious feeling!

Everybody seems to expect a great deal from our Class (with a capital c) and we have a great deal to do to live up to these expectations. The Junior year either makes or breaks a class, so we must decide, and more than decide, *act* in making ours.

At our first class meeting Mr. Grant spoke to us of these responsibilities, and especially emphasized the importance of the election of class officers. Nominations were in order, he said.

For the next week, the Juniors buzzed and frowned over nomination slips. Mr. Grant had been emphatic about *not* taking anybody just because he was a friend or from one's home room, that every one was just a bit worried over whom he should nominate. Nominations closed with the school week, election blanks were passed out and collected on Tuesday and on Wednesday the following results were shown:

President, Ernest Malloy; Vice-President, Helen Corcoran; Secretary, Myrtha Lindeberg; Girl Treasurer, Silvia Endresen; Boy Treasurer, Bobby Waldheim; Athletic Council, "Hoddy" Spierdowis; Executive Committee, Albert Harrison, Vincent Kenefick, Edith Macready, Bertha McCarthy. Dorothy Williams.

Now you class officers, get busy! Get our class ahead! Some pretty nice things are being said about the recently graduated class of '23, but when we graduate

people won't say anything! They will be muted by our magnificent spirit and success.

Good old Juniors! They stick by our football team! Whether the road leads to far-off New Bedford or near-by Everett and Needham, depend upon the Junior's Rah! Rah!

We do intend to get ahead. But when Miss James calmly told English IIIa that we would cover a century in two days, we gasped. That's just a little fast even for us.

Grace P. translate "sourdine" for "sardine" in French IIB.

Fishy stories—"Believe that and I'll tell you another is her policy. In the above mentioned class she even interpreted eyeballs into high balls!

Mr. Smith (giving up hope): Here I talk and explain, while you are wandering in the fields of Elysium with the shades of Virgil! But its a wise man that doesn't lose his temper—(but this really went clean over our respective heads).

\* \* \*

Grace P. often loses her head and her temper, but on the N. B. trip she lost her shoes.

\* \* \*

Miss Gow: I didn't see those notes I asked you to put on your papers yesterday.

Karshis: I put them there.

Miss Gow: I didn't see them, what were they?

Karshis: Do, me, sol.



Miss Wilson: What relation were these two men?

Miss H. Curran: Brother and sister.  
\* \* \*

Miss Nugent: How long were these people killed?  
\* \* \*

Rafuse: There's some one in the corridor looking at me.

Miss Gow: How can they bear it?  
\* \* \*

Miss Wilson: What is the present of the verb "to be"?

Hansen:

Miss Wilson begins to erase the board and asks: "What shall I say? I — erasing the board." Miss Wilson finishes erasing the board and the pupils say, "I was erasing the board."  
\* \* \*

Miss M. Curran (in French): Do you have a grave on the second floor?  
\* \* \*

Miss Gow: I wish you'd pick your feet up when I come down the aisle.

## Sophomore Class Notes

Come on all of you Sophomores, let's show the Juniors and Seniors that even though they may be older and perhaps wiser than we, we are not at all slow. Neither are we less bright and enthusiastic because of our age!

The attendance of the Sophomores at all High School games has already proved the enthusiasm in that direction.

Even though our distinguished upper classmen have forgotten that they were Sophomores once and may occasionally drop a sarcastic remark, pay no attention to them but leave them to their thoughts.

Let's be as regular in our attendance at school as we can be and prove to Mr. Grant and The Faculty that we are not a class of absentees.

Remember that we are the largest class that has yet entered the Norwood High School and we *must* "Live Up To Our Good Name."

At the second assembly of the year, Mr. Grant introduced the Sophomores to the ways of the Senior High School.  
\* \* \*

On October twenty-second, Mr. Grant called a short meeting of the class to explain and prepare for the election of class officers which will take place soon.  
\* \* \*

Mr. Grant (in assembly): The mothers now-a-days let their daughters come to school with nothing but mere sandals on.  
\* \* \*

Teacher: What nationality was Shakespeare.

Pupil: Italian.  
\* \* \*

1st Soph.: What is the name of your new piece?

2nd Soph.: Fur Elise. (Furry lie.)  
\* \* \*

Miss Blake: Add angle 1 and angle 2.

Miss Lynch: Angle 3.



# ALUMNI NEWS



. Hallenice McKenny is to be congratulated in that she was one of the first freshmen to be admitted to the B. U. Glee Club.

\* \* \*

Florence Wigmore Kelly has preserved the reputation of 1920 by prefixing a "Mrs." We were afraid that class was going to be slow.

\* \* \*

Cynthia Colburn is opening a lunch room in the near future at Hartford, Conn. She is calling it the "Worth While," and everyone will judge that a good *nomen* who has sampled any of her cooking.

\* \* \*

Speaking of weddings—Herbert Peterson and Madeline Lundgren were accepting congratulations on October 29.

\* \* \*

George Meyer entered Northeastern University this fall.

\* \* \*

Gertie Wragg had her picture in the Boston Globe recently when she was elected class cheer leader at Lasselle.

\* \* \*

The Class of '95 recently held its reunion at Winchendon. This class certainly must have had a fine spirit to judge from the faithful reunions each year.

\* \* \*

John Flaherty, '20, is progressing in the same sweet line. He's now selling for a candy concern.

The Alumni is mighty glad to see the "Arguenot" beginning another year, and feels sure it will find a place in the highest rank of school papers. Each year shows improvement, and sometimes it is difficult for one to realize (especially one of class '21) that the large, good-looking magazine is really the same N. H. S. "Arguenot" which struggled so for existence during 1920 and 1921. The editorial staff and officers have the best wishes for success and co-operation from the entire alumni.

\* \* \*

Did you see Mr. Cutler when he visited in Norwood recently? He looks extremely well, and reports enthusiastically of Athol.

\* \* \*

Dave Foren is practising forward passes for the Syracuse Freshmen team, and according to reports has a promising athletic future there.

\* \* \*

Tom O'Donnell has been playing end on the Colby team this season.

\* \* \*

Molly Hayden and Eddie McMahon were united in marriage at Dedham Thursday morning, October 25. They will reside on Nahatan street.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

We wish to acknowledge thankfully the following exchanges which have been received during the summer and the past two months:

"The Orange and Black," Brunswick, Maine.

"The Durfee Hilltop," Fall River, Mass.

"The Garnet," Richmond, Maine.

"The Gloucester Beacon," Gloucester, Mass.

"The Echo," Winthrop, Mass.

"The Tripod," Roxbury Latin School.

"The Ateneo Monthly," Philippine Islands.

"The Newtonite," Newton, Mass.

"The Neponset Review," East Walpole, Mass.

"The School Life," Melrose, Mass.

"The Boston University Beacon," Boston, Mass.

## COMMENTS ON OUR ARGUENOT

"The Tripod"—Another newcomer worth mention. It is entertaining from cover to cover. "The Alumni Notes" are written in a breezy, humorous fashion, and the Foreign Language Department is fine. The cut heading the School Notes appealed to us. We envy you your Literary Department. It is monstrous. Would that the editorials were proportionate! The article which we find under that head in the April issue is a rather doubtful editorial. But that is a small matter compared to the general strength of the magazine throughout.

## THE ARGUENOT ON OUR COMMENTS

"The Orange and Black."—Your cuts quite take our breath away. You are

surely blessed with artistic temperaments. Your editorial "Kickers Always To Be Found" appealed to us also.

"The Durfee Hilltop."—Yours is an interesting magazine. We liked your jokes, particularly "Perverted Sayings."

"The Tripod."—A very interesting paper, well arranged. Your method of arranging jokes among the advertisements is clever and unique. Your exchange column is excellent, seemingly written with great ease. However, we would suggest that a few more stories would improve and add to the interest of your paper.

"The Echo."—You have an excellent Literary Department. We liked the two pages for autographs in your Commencement number and some of the cartoons tickled our sense of humor.

"The Gloucester Beacon."—We found your "Senior Flicker" an excellent commencement number, and enjoyed reading it very much.

"The Ateneo Monthly."—We are very glad to welcome among our exchanges a magazine from the far-away Philippines. "The Ateneo" is a publication worthy of praise. The editorials are well written and the attractive cover design adds much to the appearance of the whole paper.

"The Newtonite."—A very newsy paper. The slogans on either side of the title are inspiring and the school platform is unusual. We notice the appearance of a fine cartoon in your issue of October twenty-third. That is an improvement which we were about to suggest, and we hope that your artistic talent will appear more frequently in other numbers.



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